New Statesman

The Week-end Review

VOL. LVIII · No. 1502 SATURDAY · 26 DECEMBER 1959 NINEPENCE

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Comments on the Week's News

Afro-Asian Friction in Kenya

The outbreak of rioting between Africans and Asians in Nairobi is of more menacing significance than any political event in Kenya during the past few years. Apart from the immediate consequences of this tragic incident, such an occurrence is evidence of widespread and rising hostility between the two communities. In politics it was displayed recently in the break-up of the multi-racial Kenya National Party, the seizure of all its offices by Africans and the expulsion of the leading Asians. This African-Asian emnity has been seen in Uganda for some years and has done tremendous harm to the development of a stable society there. African leaders in Kenya have frequently condemned their Uganda colleagues for it; yet in Tanganyika, Julius Nyerere and his colleagues have shown how inter-communal friendship can bring political and social strength. Although there is a continuing basis for this communal suspicion by Africans in the tight hold which Asians have on commerce, and in their cultural exclusiveness, intelligent Africans know both that the Asian contribution to national development is of high importance and that Asian leaders are constantly urging collaboration.

The PM's Trick

An exchange in the Commons last week between Mrs Barbara Castle and the Leader of the House, which the press ignored as being an apparently minor domestic point of parliamentary procedure, in fact raised several points of public importance. Mrs Castle and Mr Dingle Foot had discovered that, under Emergency Regulation Number 35 now operating in Nyasaland, Africans who do anything likely to undermine public confidence in the governments of Nyasaland or the Federation commit an offence punishable with 14 years' imprisonment or a £1,000 fine. This in itself is bad enough, but it has an important bearing on the work of the Monckton Commission. Are Africans from Nyasaland who give anti-federation evidence before the Commission liable to be clapped in jail? When Mrs Castle and Mr Foot tabled questions to the Prime Minister last week asking what protection would be given to witnesses, the Prime Minister transferred the questions to the Commonwealth Relations Office, thus ensuring that they were unlikely to be answered before Christmas. The two MPs therefore re-drafted their questions so as to cover merely African witnesses from Nyasaland, thus bringing the questions clearly within the responsibility of the Colonial Secretary, who was top of the list for answering questions the day the Commons rose for Christmas. To their astonishment they were once again informed that their questions had been transferred to the CRO. The refusal of the Colonial Secretary to answer questions about the safety of African witnesses was a deliberate abnegation of his responsibility for the rights of British citizens. Ought there not to be a check, Mrs Castle argued, on the power to transfer questions? Faced with massive opposition support for this demand, Mr Butler quickly agreed to re-examine the matter. In the meantime the Commonwealth Relations Office has admitted in a written answer that proceedings before the Monckton Commission will not be privileged. MPs have therefore been prevented by the Prime Minister's manœuvre from challenging an intolerable situation before the House rose.

Police Under Examination

The 30 years that have elapsed since police powers and procedures were last subjected to a general inquiry have been years of unprecedented change in social stratification, and of widely diffused challenge to the difficult art of preserving 'freedom under the law'. It is thus odd that the Premier should have told Mr Patrick Gordon Walker in the House last week that the terms of reference of the forthcoming Royal Commission would exclude this subject. But whether or not Mr Macmillan heeds the growing demand that the terms of reference be suitably enlarged, no examination of the relation between police and public will be able to avoid such questions as search without warrant, 'detention' for questioning, arrests for 'unlawful possession', the hounding of ex-prisoners, 'advice' to defendants, and the technique of taking statements. All these matters lie at the root of the very problem which called this Royal Commission into existence, and it would not be the first such inquiry to go beyond its terms of reference because the need to do so became inescapable. The commissioners' other main concern will be with all police 'accountability'. It is sometimes said that there are dangers about parliamentary 'interference' with the police, as if the role of the police in a democratic state were to see that democracy is kept to some pattern approved by Chief Constables—a very much more dangerous notion. This inquiry has become inevitable: it should be more valuable than was its predecessor in 1929.

Direct Action

Mr Butler is, of course, within his rights in refusing to intervene on behalf of the five members of the Direct Action Committee against Nuclear War who have been sent to prison for two months. But the path of wisdom would have been to release them. Mr Sidney Silverman, Mr Dingle Foot and other MPs point out that the demonstrators committed no crime, and were charged under a medieval statute originally passed to deal with rogues and vagabonds. They call attention to the 'grave constitutional dangers' of applying this ancient statute 'to prevent the exercise of basic civil rights and liberties'—especially in a case where the magistrate who sentenced them himself admitted the integrity of the prisoners. He described them as 'estimable citizens'. Certainly, the protesting MPs are right in saying that imprisonment in this case will be an incitement rather than a deterrent. This is one of those cases in which the form of protest adopted springs, like similar suffragette tactics, from a burning conviction that nothing less than a threat of illegal action, followed by an acceptance of prison rather than a promise of 'good behaviour', will 'awaken the sleepy citizens' of Britain. The nuclear disarmament cause will continue to enlist an army of willing martyrs as long as the desperate threat of nuclear warfare hangs over all our heads.

NEXT WEEK

The Fifties

A review of the decade by

A. J. P. Taylor, Basil Davidson, Nigel Calder, Robert Bendiner

The Battlefield of the Roads

The decade which saw the emergence of Britain as a motor-car owning democracy ends with a flurry of schemes for making the roads fit to drive on. M1 is flourishing; London's Pink Zone has been reasonably successful; the Labour Party wants the Minister of Transport to have the powers to designate any area as a traffic control zone; and Mr Marples has several other bright ideas for increasing the free movement of traffic. Reports appear regularly drawing attention to the appalling state of our roads and the number of deaths on them. The most recent is that of the Road Research Board of DSIR. But they all have the character of tactical defensive actions on a battlefield in which, in the last half-century, 250,000 people have been killed. Perhaps there is no answer to Britain's traffic problems. Perhaps the country is too small to accommodate happily both the motor car and familiar patterns of civilised urban life. A strategic plan of attack is still worth trying, however (despite the special pleading of the road transport lobby), in which all means of transport are more closely integrated and imaginatively developed.

Erosion and the Law

Inevitably the old-age pensioner who has been asked to pay £2,500 as her contribution to the cost of building the £500,000 new sea wall at Selsey, Sussex, has attracted most publicity in the campaign the residents there are conducting against the Coast Protection Act. This manifestly ludicrous facet of the Act's operation – ludicrous in that there was no prospect of its being paid – is not the only one which has been troubling th campaigners. An important question of pri has been raised, namely, how much con on should householders have to make t. blic works which protect their property. The Chichester Rural District Council has argued that coast protection is a national responsibility on the grounds, to put it at its simplest, that it is the country which is disappearing into the sea. But it is not necessary to share this view completely to recognise that in the operation of the act there are several anomalies and that, in the Selsey case, there appears to have been a wilful misleading by the Ministry of the residents involved. To take the last point first, the implication was made that it was the local council rather than the Ministry which was responsible for the charges; while the impression was given that the residents had a right to demand a public inquiry, which they have not. The anomalies of the act are complex. To give one example: a householder whose house is washed into the sea and who rebuilds while the sea wall is being built will be required to pay a charge equivalent to the value of the house. If he waits until the wall is completed he will need to pay no charge. Particularly disturbing indeed is the uncertainty which exists while the wall is being built – and in Selsey it took seven years to build. In that seven years some people sold their houses at a loss; others, on the other hand, bought houses at prices which naturally have risen since the wall was completed. What is clear is that the act needs thorough consideration. Britain has a great deal of coast that needs protecting.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Westminster

Slow Train to Disaster

British railways have replaced the weather as the nation's standing topic of conversation. Draughty stations, filthy carriages, trains that run late, trains that do not run at all . . . any one of these can instantly turn aloof strangers into eager comrades at arms. So it was no surprise that when Lord Lucas of Chilworth initiated a debate on the railways in the House of Lords, some 25 peers put down their names to speak and that, although they were due to rise for the Christmas recess and the night air was cold, their lordships kept at it until 8.45 p.m. – hours after the Commons had gone home.

Everyone wanted to share his particular sufferings with everyone else and to show that these sufferings were bigger and worse than anybody else's. 'Oh, cursed spite,' said Lord Lucas, 'that ever I was born on the worst managed section of British railways – the line that runs from London to Oxford, Herefordshire and Worcester!' At once there was an indignant protest from Lord Boothby. 'The Cambridge line is much worse', said his Lordship, though, of course, as everyone knows, these two lines are Paradise compared with the Belsen Specials which jerk and crunch between Baker Street and Aylesbury.

Lord Lucas is the caricaturist's idea of a politician come to larger than life. With finger upraised dramatically to point a platitude, he makes commonplaces sound portentous and an hour seem like two; and he was followed by Lord Mills, whose idea of debating is to read steadily from a typescript, looking up only to interpolate the words, 'As the noble lord has already said . . .' to show that he has been listening to bits of what has gone before. So the debate moved with the speed of an elderly railway carthorse.

Yet from it there did emerge a conviction that the railways are drifting into disaster. They are running at a loss – the present deficit is about £370 millions, of which £225 millions can be accounted for in the last five years by compensation payments to the old stockholders. But they are compelled by parliament to aim at paying their way; and so whenever railwaymen ask for a decent wage they are told, truthfully, that the Railway Executive cannot afford it. Hence men, with 35 years' experience and heavy responsibilities in their work, go home each week with as little as £8 in their pockets. Who is going to work on the railway for £8 when he can earn twice or three times that amount in a car factory?

What is to be done? Lord Lucas suggested that, immediately, the deficit should be written off, and Lord Boothby suggested a subsidy during the period of modernisation. Nearly everyone wanted changes in the top management, and Lords Airlie and Lucan wanted transport treated as one service, with its various branches as complements to, and not in competition with, each other. This, of course, was the original intention of the Labour government when it nationalised the railways, road transport and the canals; but the profusion of C licences and the subsequent denationalisation of parts of road transport made this aim unobtainable. Perhaps now that congestion on the roads is so thick and growing thicker every year, even a Tory government may become willing to direct heavy goods traffic back to the railways by legislation, especially if the railways invest both in fast freight trains and in those goods containers which can be transferred from lorry to rail and back again without being unpacked.

Unless the government is prepared to do this and to advance large further sums for modernisation, parliament will have to go back on the nationalisation act, relieve the railways of their statutory obligation to pay their way, declare that they are a public service which must be maintained and prepare to provide subsidies for an indefinite period. Railwaymen have for years been exploited by the community. They will not stand it much longer.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Edinburgh

The Fate of Greenside

A Correspondent writes: Suddenly at night on 21 November in heavy rain the wall of a tenement at 26 Beaumont Place, Edinburgh, fell into the street. No one was hurt mainly because the masonry fell outwards, leaving the various flats hanging from the inner party walls like so many compartments in an old-fashioned desk. Two days later questions were being tabled in the House and statements were being made by 'spokesmen' at St Andrew's House, where the Department of Health for Scotland is housed. The owner of the tenement that collapsed said that he had warned the city many months ago that the property was not safe. He admitted that he had gone on taking rents and, when asked how he squared this up with his belief that the property should not be occupied, said that neither the city nor business people had any conscience in such affairs.

In this dramatic way the light of publicity was suddenly turned on Edinburgh's slums. City officials and councillors began a tour of slum dwellings, at the exteriors of which they stared while in-dwellers shouted at them from the windows. Resisting all invitations to enter any one of the properties they saw, the party 'tut-tutted' its way through St Leonards, Greenside and Leith, and returned to the City Chambers to issue a statement that Edinburgh slums would be cleared at the earliest moment, beginning with Greenside.

Now Greenside is the worst slum in the city. Described in a report by a church mission as the nearest thing to 'Skid Row' that we have, it is a festering slum hidden in a narrow valley between the backs of lush shops in Firth Street, and Caxton Hill. The last refuge of the defeated, the alcoholic and the debtor, it represents so much failure and human misery as to beggar description. There are probably more delinquents, deadbeats, drunks, prostitutes and pimps in Greenside than in any other similar area in any city in the United Kingdom.

Nothing has been done about this dreadful sore on the backside of Edinburgh for years – and nothing would have been done but for the fall of Beaumont Place. Yet this is a human problem. The deadbeats and the delinquents, the debtors and the alcoholics are human beings and they need help, not simply shifting from one place to another. You can evacuate as many as you like to new estates; that will not cure the evil of slums. Perhaps those who never had it so good will be reminded by the fall of 26 Beaumont Place of the conditions in Greenside and in all the Greensides of Britain.

The NEW STATESMAN draws particular attention to the advertisements for charities in this issue and commends them to the goodwill of readers.

Fleet Street

A Christmas Card for Sir Linton

I am glad to see that, following a complaint by the Nottingham branch of the National Union of Journalists, the Press Council has sharply criticised the Nottingham Police for trying to persuade journalists on the local evening paper to keep them informed regarding those taking part in a Nuclear Disarmament demonstration, even going so far as to ask the man responsible for dealing with letters to the editor to divulge privately to them the authorship of those published over pseudonyms. The request was apparently made on the ground that 'this information was needed for purposes of "security" '. Any such request has very properly been described as improper by the Press Council. I hope its report will warn off other police forces and encourage all local journalists to resist police pressures of this kind. For Nottingham is not alone. I have been told of several other cases in which local police have tried to persuade newspapers to help them in what would seem to be the singularly idiotic proceeding of compiling a secret dossier of all local residents who support nuclear disarmament. It might not be a bad idea for the Royal Commission on the police to look into this affair.

The annual report of the Press Council just issued is the last that will appear over the signature of Sir Linton Andrews as chairman. I by no means share all Sir Linton's views on the press. All the same I think there is no doubt that both public and press owe him a substantial debt of gratitude. Under him the Press Council has increased in authority and prestige. His own modest claim in this last report that the existence of an authority concerned both with the defence of press freedom and the exposure of abuses has had an encouraging and a deterrent effect is justified, even though neither the encouragement nor the deterrent may yet be as powerful as one would wish. Its terms of reference deny it power. It cannot bite, only seek to persuade. All the same it has often been a good deal more forthright than originally seemed likely in view of its composition, and much of this is due to Sir Linton's chairmanship.

* * *

The case of *The Times* and its South African news to which I referred last week grows odder the more one looks into it. As I then reported, after eulogising Mr Swart the previous week, it completely ignored in the editions I saw (and which account for most of its national distribution) the story of Mr and Mrs Beecher, the carpenter and his wife who had to leave South Africa because the abandoned baby they had adopted was two years later suspected by the authorities of having some coloured blood. I now find that this was not a case of not having the news (indeed even Printing House Square could hardly not have known about it since reports had reached other newspapers days before). On the contrary, the news, I now discover, did creep into one edition of *The Times* on the Monday in the form of an innocuous four-paragraph Reuter report, published down-column. And on the Tuesday,

the day the *Herald, Mail* and *Express* front-paged the arrival of the Beechers in London and the *Telegraph* published a leader, it went so far as to insert in one edition I have since seen a small paragraph of six and a half lines at the bottom of a column – but in this one edition only. As the news was available for all editions, this raises interesting conjectures as to what went on in *The Times* office. Both this and the earlier story of Swart lend colour to suggestions that have since been put to me by a close student of *The Times* hierarchy that the current standard of a good deal of *The Times* coverage of South African news is to be explained by an internal struggle within *The Times* establishment itself. There are those on *The Times*, it is suggested, who would like it to be bolder and more honest in its South African reporting. But they find themselves constantly up against an entrenched opposition which has very deep roots indeed. I shall continue to follow the attitude of *The Times* to inconvenient news from South Africa with great interest.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

African Unionism

THE disputes which broke out both in the open and behind the scenes at the recent congress of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions were two-pronged. The Americans in the first place accused the British TUC of being paternalistic and imposing strings on the financial aid given to African trade unions; but they went further in asserting that only unfettered African political activity can avoid Communist domination of the continent. In practical terms this means that the Americans would give the African trade union leaders the unrestricted right to use international trade union funds as they think fit. The TUC replied, first, that the aid they provide should be devoted to genuine trade union development; secondly, that the negative anti-Communism of the Americans may actually weaken the growth of African trade unionism, and thus further the Communist cause.

The struggle in Africa is of such high significance, and the trade union part in that struggle of such importance, that an issue which lies between American and the British trade unions could well become vital. If it is not resolved, two incompatible policies will continue to be practised in the field of African trade unionism. There is something to be said for both sides. British trade unionists naturally believe that African trade unions will best serve the interests of their members by following broadly the British pattern. They are therefore apt to be over-sensitive about the political activities of African trade union officials. Yet in Africa, as in other colonial territories such as the West Indies, the number of skilled men is so small that often it is inevitable for the political and trade union leaders to be one and the same man. On the other hand the Americans have too often seemed to assume that vast gifts of money will suffice to create trade union branches, frustrate Communist seductions and establish democratic political organisations.

It should be remembered, moreover, that all these funds for international aid to the African trade unions come directly from the pockets of trade unionists in the more advanced countries. These have the right, and their representatives have the duty, to see that such funds are used for the purpose of building trade unions and not for advancing the political ambitions of selected individuals – or even for building up political organisations. The responsibility of international trade unionism is to the members, present and potential, of the African trade unions themselves. It is thus not paternalistic for the TUC to send trade union libraries, duplicators, printed membership cards or account books to these young unions, or to bring African officials to Britain for training. A solid trade union structure, with its funds soundly administered and its officials devoted to making new members and protecting their interests, is much more likely to be a barrier against Communism than the expenditure of vast sums in furtherance of the cause of a handful of individuals, who may succumb to demagogy.

In short, there should be a common effort among all trade unionists to assist the growth of a healthy, democratic and responsible trade union movement in Africa. The Africans themselves will have to determine its final form and the place in it of their own individual political activities. It is only reasonable, however, for those whose financial support is at the root of this growth, to be assured that money contributed internationally finds its way to organisations which truly represent African labour and which are based on real trade union principles.

Splendours and Miseries of Diplomacy

BY seven o'clock last Friday evening, traffic in Paris had been brought to a virtual standstill. The onset of some 5,000 diplomats, statesmen, journalists and assorted flunkeys – each, it would seem, equipped with his own Cadillac – had, on top of the pre-Christmas rush, finally broken the back of the city's long-suffering street-system. In all directions, venomous phalanxes of stationary cars wheezed, brayed, fumed and gouged. Perhaps this is the way the world will end: in a spontaneous armageddon of enraged car-drivers. Above the noise of the engines, came the occasional peep-peep of black-coated escort riders, forcing a swathe through the congealed mass for the occasional statesman.* My taxi-driver, whose battery was running low, spat expertly on the running-board of a giant Mercedes belonging to the German delegation, and asked: *A quoi ça sert?*

What, indeed? Earlier this year, the Nato handbook noted with pride that the organisation had already held its 8,000th meeting 'round the same table'. Fortunate table; if only, like Crébillon's sofa, it could speak! What aeons of polyglot tedium it could describe! The new Nato headquarters already has that haggard, midnight look of an international air terminal: the boring contemplated by the bored. There have, according to a colleague's calculations, been 250 inter-allied meetings in Paris during the past three weeks. Their net result seems to have been a sharp deterioration in inter-allied mutual esteem. Ministers, hurrying from one conference to another, often do not know what they are going to discuss, or with whom, until a few moments before it is time to assume the standard Nato 'interdependent' smile on the threshold of the council-room. Recently, a British Cabinet minister visited his opposite number in France, having been briefed (no doubt in the back of the car carrying him from the airport) that the French were anxious to raise a number of contentious points of substance. The French minister has been briefed that the call was purely formal. The ensuing interview was disagreeable, punctuated by uneasy pauses. Afterwards the British minister drafted a memorandum complaining of French surliness and double-dealing.

The layman watching, almost daily nowadays, the black-coated procession of big-wigs crossing his TV screen, would be astonished to hear how little time these gentlemen actually spend negotiating with each other. (I discount the empty speechifying in the Atlantic Council, now largely superseded by top-level encounters; its debates are kept secret purely for reasons of prestige.) When General de Gaulle had his *tête-à-tête* with President Eisenhower last Saturday (the latter having been briefed on the train from Toulon by Mr Herter) they had exactly 55 minutes to discuss, among other things, the three major issues which at present divide the US and France. Allowing for translation-time, that gave each dignitary about 2,000 words, assuming, which is admittedly improbable, that de Gaulle did not hog the conversation. Another example: Germany did not claim the right to be present at any discussions not affecting Europe; hence, Dr Adenauer joined the Big Three at Rambouillet on Sunday one hour after they had begun to talk. It seems, therefore, that the western leaders – at what may be their last meeting before the Summit – spent only an hour discussing the Middle East, the Far East, Tibet, India and Formosa, to name only a few obvious subjects.

Yes, you may ask, but what actually happened in Paris? There is no doubt, in the first place, that the French took a beating, not only from America but also from Herr Strauss, the German defence minister. The Franco-US row was threefold. Eisenhower's visit to de Gaulle last September was a bitter disappointment to the French. They now claim (as Sir Anthony did, long, long ago) that it was impossible to pin Eisenhower down on anything, but that the one concrete fact which emerged from the fog of halting clichés was a definite promise from him that the US would vote for France over Algeria at the UN. In the event, the President did nothing of the sort, telephoning Cabot Lodge from New Delhi with instructions to abstain. On the second issue, the French swear that they received definite assurances from the US embassy that, when Eisenhower left Tunis, no public reference would be made to the fact that he had discussed Algeria with Bourguiba. Instead, the joint communiqué referred to the 'grave concern' with which Eisenhower and Bourguiba viewed the 'absence of a solution' in Algeria. Added to this was the Twining outburst the week before, and its deliberate leakage on the highest authority.

The fact is, the Americans are getting tired of de Gaulle's posturings and are in the mood to call his bluff. Integration, especially of air defence, is a technical thing which Eisenhower understands, at least in principle, and he has fixed views on the subject, very close to those of Norstad himself. On this, unlike Algeria, he cannot be confused by complicated juridical formulæ, at which the French are expert. On a practical plane, de Gaulle's attitude makes no sense to him; he also finds it deeply disloyal. Moreover, on this point the French get only the slenderest support from Germany. Adenauer had an unpleasant set-to with Debré when he came to Paris earlier this month; he is still anxious to make the Paris-Bonn axis work, but on defence he must yield to his military men, represented by

* *Last Sunday, to clear the road for the Big Four deliberating at Rambouillet, the entire* Autoroute de l'Ouest *was closed down.*

Strauss, who grow stronger all the time; and their current attitude to France is savage.

The Franco-American quarrel tended to push more important issues, such as Summit preparations, into the background. But it had its positive side. Under fire from all quarters for his attitude to Nato, de Gaulle perhaps felt less inclination to be awkward over the Summit. The magisterial time-table he ordained a month ago seems to have been modified. Spaak told me that a second western Summit before the Krushchev meeting was now out; a foreign ministers' gathering would suffice. If this proves to be true, de Gaulle has been thoroughly snubbed, for his insistence on the second 'pre-Summit' is on the record.

The Big Three will meet Krushchev, it seems, on 27 April, and a rudimentary agenda is already emerging, though a great deal of technical and ambassadorial negotiation will take place in the next four months. Is the announcement of the Four Summits scheme the great triumph for Macmillan which the British popular press have claimed? I doubt it. Beyond the date, few concrete decisions were taken at Rambouillet. The British plan for an interim settlement in Berlin has found little support outside Eisenhower's immediate entourage. While SuperMac is actually talking – and how he talks! – the President listens, nodding approval. But, more and more, he resembles Haig's description of Lord Derby: 'He is like a feather pillow – he bears the impression of the last person to have sat on him.' De Gaulle does not want to discuss Berlin at all; instead, he would like to spend the precious Summit hours negotiating a mutual non-interference pact. Adenauer wants to talk about disarmament, which he believes is a comfortably innocuous subject.

He is right, too. The nearer one gets to the military heart of things, the more Utopian does any disarmament agreement appear. Norstad, for one, does not believe in it, especially as he now regards himself as the annointed successor of John Foster Dulles as Public Enemy Number One of World Communism. This is what he said to a recent visitor about disengagement: 'If American forces are withdrawn from Germany [to France] they would become militarily valueless. They might as well go home – and I'd probably go with them.' Unlike his political bosses, he even refuses to pay lip-service to disarmament under an inspection and control system. On the contrary: 'The Americans will never stand for a lot of Russians snooping around.'

In the last resort, of course, generals can be overruled (though this is not an easy political matter, when they are prepared to go to the point of resignation). More serious, in my view, are the new vested interests which are growing up, by their very nature pitted against disarmament. Despite de Gaulle, 'interdependence' in arms construction is spreading rapidly. Britain and Germany are to build a joint tank-gun, France and Germany a joint tank, Germany, France and Italy a joint rocket – only three examples of a forest of international defence agreements which is spreading deep roots into the European economies. On the basis of these pacts, all sorts of superstructures – economic, financial, political, diplomatic – are being raised. Big money is involved, reputations, even ideologies ('Joint arms manufacture is the high road to European unity', I heard it said). Are the men who rule Europe prepared to bring the whole thing crashing down just for the sake of an agreement with Mr K? Seen from here, the answer is only too depressingly obvious. And a Merry Christmas to one and all.

PAUL JOHNSON

Paris

Educating Little Jack

AT a first reading of the Crowther Report* one is inclined to wonder why it took so many learned people so long to reach conclusions which were apparent, at the time the inquiry was started, to anyone tolerably acquainted with education. Despite the educational advances of this century, there is still much ability running to waste. One of the essential steps to prevent this waste is the raising of the school-leaving age to 16. Once that step is taken, the fallibility of the 11-plus and the inadequacy of many Secondary Modern schools, in their present form, will be still more obvious than it is today. There is an encouraging demand, from parents and children, for longer schooling if the school has something worth while to offer; and this truth is particularly demonstrated by the achievements of comprehensive schools.

A higher school-leaving age, joined with expanded technical education and an approach to county colleges, means a vast demand for more and better teachers, which can be met only if pay and conditions are improved. University places ought to be more numerous, both because we need more graduates and because the present shortage, and resultant intense competition, distort teaching in the schools which feed the universities. The total cost of the necessary advances is considerable but well within what the nation can afford in the next decade. None of this is new: but much of it was not generally accepted, and parts of it were considered leftish, idealistic and not quite respectable. The Advisory Council has now given it – if at times by cautious implication rather than direct statement – the seal of official approval.

The report, however, does much more than this. It outlines a strategy for achieving the main quantitative reforms, and examines the problems of organisation, curriculum and method which those reforms will produce. The strategy is an alteration of the law so that pupils will leave school only at Easter and summer; a raising of the leaving age at a date between 1967 and 1969, with the proviso that the pupil-teacher ratio must not become worse than 1:19; and a gradual introduction, region by region, of county colleges and compulsory day release. The Labour Party will probably find these proposals sufficiently like their own to be at least acceptable. It is now for parliament to press the government to adopt this strategy. Yet all depends on the supply of teachers: if the report is not to become waste paper, the government must be prepared to operate, for the solution of this problem, any device which has a reasonable prospect of success.

Of the particular problems, the one examined most fully and successfully is that of the Sixth Form and the academic education that leads to it. The allocation of 100 pages to the Sixth Form and 40 to the Secondary Modern school is significant. Admittedly there is much experience and knowledge to draw upon in discussing the Sixth Form, while five-year courses for the whole body of Secondary Modern pupils are still a matter of experiment and conjecture. Yet one must regret that the three years' labour of the Council has not produced something more than the general and at times jejune recommendations for the content and method of Secondary Modern education. A similar contrast is apparent between the thorough survey of technical education and the vaguer treatment of the function of County Colleges.

At the present stage of public education, it is the pupils who now go to the Secondary Moderns who are the key problem. In the general reflections with which the report begins it is implicit that we must widen the interests and stimulate the imagination of the whole body of our people, not only of an academically gifted minority. We must do this to meet the need of a scientific age, to say nothing of wider reasons of human dignity. Most Secondary Moderns, even given an extra year of school life, cannot perform this task: many of them are too small even to make proper provision for GCE courses, which is one part of the whole problem.

It would have been more in keeping with the trend of certain remarks scattered through the report if the Council had boldly recommended that the general direction of national policy should be towards comprehensive secondary education, while admitting the modifications and delays that must attend its implementation. This, however, would have had social and political implications; and it is generally understood that to accept the present stratifications of society is to be impartial: to challenge them is to be 'political'.

The Council are therefore left to make the best they can of a tripartite (or, as they rightly say, usually bipartite) system based on a decision made when the pupils are 11 years old: a decision, the finality of which they deplore but do not effectively remove. They propose an extension of GCE courses in the Secondary Moderns; the use of local or regional examinations at a lower level for some other pupils; and less clearly defined suggestions for the rest. The authors of the report still seem to be influenced by traditional beliefs about the intellectual incapacity of large numbers of pupils. On several occasions they point out how these beliefs have been proved false in the past: it is the more surprising to find them so firmly convinced that the majority of Secondary Modern pupils are not 'examinable'.

The report inevitably provokes consideration of questions outside its terms of reference. Two may be briefly mentioned here. First, we cannot get the schools right unless we make changes in universities, training colleges and higher education as a whole: the case for a Royal Commission on this subject is strengthened by the Crowther conclusions. Secondly, the main instruments for educational advance are the local education authorities. On any showing, it is they who will do whatever is done for the Secondary Moderns. They cannot do it well if they are deprived of the prestige which attaches to the more obviously rewarding work of educating the academically gifted. The nation, therefore, should avoid courses of action – such as extending the direct grant list – which express lack of confidence in the local authorities. There are, no doubt, many improvements which could be made in local administration; there are some matters (e.g., awards to students) on which national uniformity is needed. But the basic assumption of the Crowther Report is that a national system of schools, locally administered, is capable of educating the nation.

We must bid a final farewell to the belief that a school outside the public system possesses, because it is outside, some peculiar virtue to which the nation's own schools cannot attain.

MICHAEL STEWART

**15-18: Report of the Central Advisory Council for Education – England.* H.M.S.O. 12s. 6d.

London Diary

EVERY Christmas I ask myself, 'What is Scrooge up to now?' It is clear that he is no longer a miser. Misers went out in the 19th century, the great age of hoarding. The new Scrooge is a property speculator, a fondler of shares; if he hoards anything it is buildings; if he covets anything it is sites. Little Scrooge was a mere pest in Camden Town; Big Scrooge has frozen miles and miles of London, by putting up buildings that seem to float by like icebergs. He and his architects in the last ten years have succeeded in doing something that one would have thought impossible: they have made London boring. Half the time, on the top of a bus, one is shutting one's eyes and shivering at the coldness of the enormous blocks one is passing. The only times they look interesting or have any beauty is when they are etched all over with scaffolding; or at night when the windows are lit up and one cannot see them. Put out the lights, take the scaffolding down and we see the refrigerated prison each new building is. One more property deal exposes its nothingness.

* * *

Architecturally, London is not in the main a beautiful city; but it had its corners, its higgledy-piggledy interest, its extraordinary roofs with their turrets, gazebos, balconies, its idiotic bits of decoration, its vulgar variety. It was frantically individual, so that even when it was ugly it looked like *something*. The consolation for the refusal to plan for 150 years was London's tenacity in preserving littleness. When Big Scrooge has his annual nightmare this year, sees the ghost and is infected by the Christmas spirit, I don't want him to come round with a turkey in the shape of a whacking donation to some new, giant research laboratory. All I want in my stocking is the news that he is not floating one of his icebergs on the Monico site. At any rate, not the particular iceberg they have been debating at County Hall.

* * *

What they are driving out of the centre of London is little shops and with them the little Casabiancas who run them. These are still tenacious in Camden Town where Scrooge first repented; in spite of the Supermarket, we have one of the best street markets in London. Old inhabitants say the neighbourhood has gone down now that we are a Cypriot and Irish district; in fact, the Cypriots have opened many good little restaurants and have splendid weddings. If the Pakistani lady at the back of my house would stop her seven children battling with dustbin lids when I am working, and if I could catch the boy who plays the recorder from 4.30 to 10 p.m., I would have no complaints. We are said to have one immensely rich miser who sells newspapers; and I noticed an extravagantly dressed couple – the man in black coat, stiff collar and pinstripes, the lady in fur coat, evening dress and collapsing satin shoes – picking at the rubbish heap in the market and taking off a few broken boxes and some damaged fruit to their motor car: rag-picking, new style. I admit that the corner-boys who hang around Camden Town cross-roads on Saturday nights, the runners, the pitch-and-toss brigades, the young men who wear sunglasses all the year round, night and day – café society – are a rough lot; and there is a lot of gossip about little shops that change hands too fast. The startling thing is that, after years of poor times, our street now thrives on what it calls the tourist traffic: i.e., people of all nationalities who come, dragging their children with them, to the Zoo. Light industry – the ice-cream, confectionery, café and toy traders – is taking over.

* * *

Long before getting to the Zoo, parents have to pass the hazard of one of London's oldest and most curious pet shops. People wand- through it in procession. A sound place for hamsters, mice, rabbits, cockatoos, parrots and monkeys, it has been doing well this Christmas in the booming 'budgie' trade – the bird that has driven the canary out of the British home; but the shop has its highbrow interests. They reckon to sell 60 large snakes a year. To whom? To Zoos? No (I was told). 'Anyone. Some people fancy a snake.' I was offered a good, thick python for 12 guineas; a solid 20-inch caiman for seven guineas; little alligators of delicate charm but heavy in the hand at £2 a time, and terrapin looking like green ha'pennies with legs, which I believe are sold by the dozen. They were tempting. I hope that many of these exquisite creatures do not go to the negligent fancy of the passing boy. I was told they don't. The people who buy them are generally members of one of London's innumerable secret societies – the Society for the Propagation of Reptiles. I suggest to any writer who is looking for a sinecure, to apply for the secretaryship.

* * *

I don't know whether Mr T. S. Eliot went to the Cat Show at Olympia this year. I imagine not. I went to see the people. There was nothing practical about these show cats drowsing and sullen in their glamour, unresponsive to the ladies tapping on their cages. A large poster of the *News of the World* was in the hall – 'a wonderful animal paper', whispered one lady to another. They were standing by the cage of a ball of long white fur called Sumfun Emmelina Flycatcher. From a notice on her cage – 'Sire Unknown. Dam Unregistered' – I am afraid Sumfun was no better than one in ten of the human animals in London who are born out of wedlock. The names of these socialite cats suggest the paragraphs of Tanfield ('Gaydene Rudolph was chatting with Cherry Blossom – she was a Dunesk. Their son, Gay Guy, is one of London's noted neuters'). I myself spotted Startops Starduster, Spotlight Sigismond, Asplin Scheherazade and that popular Manx, Bluewave Choirboy, whose mother was one of the Misty Arctic Snows. The whole lot, I must say, were sulky and motionless. Not a miaou. Rarely did they open their hard and beautiful eyes. After 20 minutes, the humans – mostly middle-aged ladies – began to look furry, whiskery. They made mewing noises. The commonest remark: 'Any kittens yet?' A frequent reply, idealistic, refined, fervent: 'We are *hoping*'! I suggest a new book for T. S. Eliot – a book on Practical English Ladies.

* * *

Last week the teenagers were observing the anniversary of the death of James Dean and kissing the sacred picture of the saint in a London Espresso. A little earlier, thousands of Japanese worshippers were mobbing Mr Somerset Maugham in Tokyo. Why has Maugham, 'a mere writer', become one of the great international myths, easily the most popular author in the world? He has led no causes and offered no ideals. He has created no international scandal. He has been very rude to the young. When his scenes are set abroad they are out of date. Yet, a bourgeois, he bowls the Russians and all eastern Europe over; he triumphs in America, north and south, in India, Africa, China (very probably), Japan certainly. He himself would say correctly that he is a prolific story-teller of wide range and enormous skill, who has successfully 'had a notion' about the whole surface of human experience from incest to mystical hunger; and who writes in simple English. Millions of people are at present learning simple English and his books are made for them. But none of this explains his legend. One must disregard his critics and study his foreign readers to see what wishes of theirs he fulfils.

* * *

It is the wish of millions of hitherto obscure people to wear a dinner jacket and to feel older and more urbane than they really are. Not a literal dinner jacket but a spiritual one. Suddenly, they have been uprooted – especially in eastern Europe and Asia – from factories and farms and have become officials. They are flown about from conference to conference, hundreds at a time. They spend a lot of their lives in immense hotels. They are no doubt amused by the comedy of it; they feel the need to appear as men of the world, to rest themselves in the simple philosophy of the bridge table; above all – for their situation has been precarious – to be impervious. They are not snobs; what attracts them in Maugham is his knowingness or his *savoir faire*. It is the point of every one of his stories: don't be taken in by what you see. Things are not what they seem. Don't forget chance. Experience teaches us that hopes are dupes; that reality is what is behind the curtain. No more than that. Maugham offers the simple, impermeable veneer to the man who comes home to announce, raw with terror, that he has been made manager, secretary of the commission, commissioner of the district, the peoples' representative at the production conference in Budapest or Minsk, Tokyo or Cleveland, Amsterdam or Rio, and will soon have to drink his first martini and like it. He needs a new, simple and efficient conception of experience, one to go with

THE CAMPAIGN FOR NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT

at its Annual Conference in March, 1959, decided that its lines of activity should not include civil disobedience. The Campaign is not, therefore, actively participating in the plans of the Direct Action Committee to enter the Harrington Rocket Site on January 2nd.

We have respect and sympathy for those individuals who feel bound by conscience to take action of this sort, leading to imprisonment, though we do not advocate it as a policy for the Campaign as a whole. We are, of course, entirely opposed to the establishment of missile bases in this country and deplore the fact that, in spite of the prospect of Summit Talks, they have now been made operational.

Thousands of our supporters are anxious to express, by legitimate means, their sympathy and respect for those now in prison and their opposition to the bases. The Campaign is, therefore, organising a number of demonstrations to provide an opportunity of protest in accordance with the policy of the Campaign. The first will be at Rothwell, near Harrington, on the afternoon of Saturday, January 2nd. A further meeting will be held at Speakers' Corner, Hyde Park, at 2.30 p.m. on Sunday, January 3rd and Regional Committees of the Campaign are being asked to organise similar demonstrations in Manchester, Leeds, Bristol and other cities.

Further particulars and details of transport for parties from London from CND, 143 Fleet Street, E.C.4, FLE 4175/2159 or over the Christmas holiday from GUL 1252.

the dinner jacket. No wonder, if the sagacious master were to come in, and stand as still as an iguana in the sand, looking at us approvingly with the sharpest of all cosmopolitan eyes, we would rush towards him. He gave us our facade. He has shown us success. I doubt if the immensely clever old party cares; but he likes, undoubtedly, to think that he has dished the critics and has discovered the new world's craving to sound older than it is.

BELUNCLE

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

My boy-friend is very good looking, and we get on well except that he is a 'square' and I love jazz and jiving. He says I am a case of arrested development, but my measurements are 36, 22, 36. What does he mean?—Letter in *Woman's Day*. (M. Knight.)

Speaking about a 16-year-old boy who was accused of offences against two girls, Mr Stephen Coates, a psychologist, said at Luton Juvenile Court: 'Previously he has been found guilty of offences which suggested a homosexual nature. These latest offences are at least evidence of a step in the right direction'. —*News of the World*. (P. H. Snow.)

Men like chocolate creams or plain chocolate. For the fishing or shooting man who takes food on his day's sport, a gift idea is a tweed-covered box tied with a shoelace and containing plain, sustaining chocolate. Price 15*s*. 6*d*.—*Daily Telegraph*. (O. M. James.)

We are asked to point out that Mr Gerry Waites, father of Miss Jennifer Waites whose attendance at a Buckingham Palace Brownie party was reported in yesterday's *Daily Express*, is the public relations officer to the Gulf Oil Company, Great Britain, and not a plumber as was stated in error.—*Daily Express*. (Ann Jacobs.)

The Post Office Foreign Mails Section announced that if a child puts a proper stamp on a letter to S. Claus in Greenland, Iceland, Denmark, Switzerland, Finland, or any other foreign country, 'it is forwarded to that country'. The spokesman added: 'Of course, we know that Santa Claus doesn't live in those places. What happens when they reach the various countries we don't know.'—*News Chronicle*. (Liliane Fearn.)

Miracle in the Sahara

THE Blessed Well (Hassi Messaoud) is dry. At the place where, on the map of my Saharan journey of ten years ago, I noted 'Water is found at 30 feet', 48 wells are now gushing oil from 11,000 feet below and the drillers bathe in swimming-pools fed by water from 4,600 feet below. But the water-hole which the desert nomads called 'blessed' is empty.

This is symbolic of the fantastic change which has taken place in the Sahara in less than four years. The camel-drivers, huddled round the tamarisk fires in the bitter-cold nights of the Grand Erg Oriental, see the sky lit by the roaring torches of the natural gas being burned off in the oil-fields, with dense black smoke blotting out the stars. And, 600 miles away in the Grand Erg Occidental, the other Great Sand Sea, other camel-drivers watch stars with flaming, raucous tails, streaking across the heavens to explode as instant suns which light the dunes. There, from Colomb Bechar to Hamaguir, the French have their guided missile range and favour night operations because they get better film records. Presently, another thousand miles to the south, there will be a bigger and brighter man-made sun, when the French explode their bomb.

But I doubt whether any of these will be more mystifying to the desert Arabs, in their patriarchal wanderings, than the sight I saw in Ouargla oasis, 300 miles south of the Atlas. There among the date palms was the first Saharan travelling fair, complete with festooned lights, roller coasters, sideshows, and, combining pleasure with business, a travelling exhibit of refrigerators. Walking round it I found a young French soldier, leading by hand a 'crocodile' of burnoused bedouin boys. He was a teacher (in uniform) attached to a wandering tribe and he had brought them in from the desert, as if it were an outing to Festival Gardens. He was an earnest and dedicated young man and quite sure that his boys would abandon their traditional nomadism and qualify for white collar jobs in the new economy of the desert.

All this has happened since I was here last. Now one can see what happens when £500 million is poured into the sands of the Sahara. A two-foot diameter pipeline has been laid over 400 miles of desert from Hassi Messaoud to Bougie on the Mediterranean coast. With two pumps working to drive the oil northwards, the capacity is 4,800,000 tons a year. When another pumping station comes into operation next year, the figure will rise to 9,500,000 and when the fourth pumping station is completed in 1962, the figure will be 14 million tons. With 50 wells sunk (and only two duds) over a grid covering 900 square miles, the estimated reserve of the field is 500 million tons. The limits on the north, west and south are known, but not on the east. Already a second pipeline is projected. Of four other known fields, the next in importance is Edjeleh, farther south and east, on the borders of Libya, with a reserve of 100 million tons, the exploitation of which will mean a pipeline across Tunisia. By 1963, I was assured, the two fields would be producing all the oil requirements of metropolitan France.

The French pipe-dreams include another from Hassi R'Mel, near Ghardaia, 400 miles south of Algiers. Here there is so much natural gas that they are talking about carrying it by pipeline to the coast, across the Mediterranean to Carthagena, up through Spain, into France, into Italy, into West Germany and even across to Britain. There is one snag: the Mediterranean at this point is 9,000 feet deep. So they are debating whether they should have a super-power station in Algiers and convert the natural gas into electricity to be shipped over the same route. Meanwhile at Hassi Messaoud, the huge torches which light up the Great Sand Sea by night and darken it with smoke by day, burn 2,000 million cubic metres of gas a year with the incessant roar of gargantuan blow-torches.

All this would be impossible without water. But ten years ago Saharan old hands were deriding geologists like Marcel Gautier and Georges Drouhin who were arguing (and proving) the existence of a great fresh water sea under the Sahara. Nobody would believe it. A serious British journal dismissed my account of it as 'this extraordinary canard, based on hearsay evidence of the most outrageous kind'. On the contrary, at that time artesian waters, in a gusher a thousand feet high, had leapt from the subterranean reservoir 4,000 feet below. Now at that spot, Zelfana, 400 miles east of Colomb Bechar, the new

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industrial capital of the Sahara, there is a man-made oasis with a flourishing agricultural settlement.

When at Hassi Messaoud they drilled for oil, their bores went into this nodular sandstone aquifer at 4,600 feet and gave the oil drillers a great deal of trouble; but it also gave them all the water they, or the oil city which will grow there, are ever likely to need – for the oil-drilling operations, for a garden city of air-conditioned houses, with a profusion of shrubs and flowers, for the 50,000 trees which are to be planted this year to act as a wind-break, anchor the dunes and provide a green belt in the midst of the desert. Another well into the Albienne Nappe at Ouargla, 50 miles from the oilfield, has brought a dying oasis back to life, has saved the date palmeries which were dying of thirst and of salt, and has watered hundreds of new acres of market gardens.

This was an old oasis 15 miles long and three miles wide with a population of 40,000. A large proportion of that was the 'echlaves'. These are the Negroes who serve the *kaids*, the Arab overlords of the oases feudal system. Of course, on the record, slavery had been stopped; but in fact, if not in name, it still remained, because in the remoteness of such oases, the Negroes had no alternative but to accept the serfdom. Now with the discovery of the oil near at hand, they can find paid employment. There is a threatened labour shortage in Ouargla and the new agriculture developments are being devised on a labour-saving basis.

Far more exciting is the new discovery of which I was told by Dr Georges Drouhin, the once-derided prophet, now the director of desert irrigation. The charting of the Albienne Nappe has shown that it stretches eastwards under Tunisia and into Libya, westwards into Mauretania and southwards under the Tanenzrouft. This is in the centre of the Sahara. It is what is called 'reg' (as distinct from 'erg', the sand-dunes and 'hammada', the naked rock-desert). 'Reg' is the gravel-desert, and as inhospitable as a metalled road. Or so I used to think. But now, in the Tanenzrouft, the soil-explorers have discovered that this gravel is just a thin, ploughable layer, on top of fossil soil. In this soil they have found the pollens of a large variety of Mediterranean plants, which they date at 7,000 years ago.

At this period, the area was well-watered and fertile and probably, as the zoologists have long suggested from the fauna of the northern Sahara, the now intermittent spate-flooded wadis of the Guir and the Saoura were the tributaries of the Niger. The central Sahara dried out but the gravel deposits acted as the cover, against the winds and the sun, for the sleeping soil, which, Drouhin insists, only needs water to bring it awake again.

The soil-survey estimates the area of this dormant soil at 50 million acres – just four million acres less than the total area of Great Britain. And under it is this mighty reservoir. For the moment, in the hectic bonanza of oil and ore, the French have not grasped the potential of the Tanenzrouft. Indeed, it is just the remote, meaningless desolation in which they propose to explode their atom-bomb. Which is not the kind of awakening the sleeping soil deserves.

The bulk of the water in the Albienne Nappe is the accumulation of thousands of years and the experts insist that it would be foolhardy to expend this capital. Thus all withdrawals are based on the known income. This is calculated on the intake of the Nappe from the Atlas, where it appears as a vast vertical outcrop, like a funnel draining the rains and the catchment waters into the Saharan reservoir. Drouhin, who imposes the caution and the restrictions, nevertheless believes that the income is far greater than that from this Atlas source and the hydrological measurements may yet justify the irrigation of the vast prairies of the Tanenzrouft.

My travels have also taken me to the 'Black Sahara', in Mauretania. There, on the borders of Spanish Rio d'Oro, the red, tawny, and white of the Sand Desert suddenly turns black. Black peaks rear out of the black plateau, like isolated pyramids and then the horizon is blocked by a long range of rocky formations which glint like jet spangles in the sun. The reflection is from iron of which the pinnacles and crags are weathered outcrops. Iron ore, with over 65 per cent. iron content, can be quarried. It just has to be blasted, tipped down chutes, gobbled in eight-ton gulps by mechanical shovels, tipped into hundred-ton trucks and carried 400 miles across the dunes, down a thousand-foot escarpment to a new port which is to be built at Port Etienne on the Mauretanian coast. The existence of 110 million tons of accessible ore has been proved, but this is a very modest estimate indeed, for the whole range may yield ores of varying qualities.

Anyway a French corporation has been formed, with French capital of over 50 per cent., British capital of 20, and the rest German and Italian; with the World Bank putting up a stake of £21 million because this is the first big development in the underdeveloped 'Islamic Republic of Mauretania', with its population of 600,000. New towns will arise and a condition of the concession is that the training facilities shall be such that Africans will be qualified to take over any of the jobs, including management, ten years from now.

It is very exciting to go back after ten years and find what can be done to a desert by spending £500 million – just what it cost to produce the Manhattan Project atom-bomb. A new economic and social chain-reaction has been started in the Sahara.

RITCHIE CALDER

The Bike

THE Easter I was 15 I sat at the table for supper and mam said to me: 'I'm glad you've left school: now you can go to wok.'

'I don't want to go to wok,' I said in a big voice.

'Well, you've got to,' she said. 'I can't afford to keep a pit-prop like yo' on nowt.'

I sulked, pushed my toasted cheese away as if it was the worst kind of slop. 'I thought I could 'ave a break before startin'.'

'Well you thought wrong. You'll be out of 'arm's way at wok.' She took my plate and emptied it on John's, my younger brother's, knowing the right way to get me mad. That's the trouble with me; I'm not clever. I could have bashed our John's face in and snatched it back, except the little bastard had gobbled it up, and dad was sitting by the fire, behind his paper with one tab lifted. 'You can't get me out to wok quick enough, can you?' was all I could say at mam.

Dad chipped in, put down his paper. 'Listen: no wok, no grub. So gerrout an' look for a job tomorrer, and don't come back till you've got one.'

Going to the bike factory to ask for a job meant getting up early, just as if I was back at school; there didn't seem any point in getting older. My old man was a good worker though, and I knew in my bones and brains that I took after him. At the school garden the teacher used to say: 'Colin, you're the best worker I've got, and you'll get on when you leave' – after I'd spent a couple of hours digging spuds out while all the others had been larking about trying to run each other over with the lawnrollers. Then the teacher would sell the spuds off at threepence a pound and what did I get out of it? Bogger-all. Yet I liked the work because it wore me out; and I always feel pretty good when I'm worn out.

I knew you had to go to work though, and that rough work was best. I saw a picture once about a revolution in Russia, about the workers taking over everything (like dad wants to) and they lined everybody up and made them hold their hands out and the working blokes went up and down looking at them. Anybody whose hands was lily-white was taken away and shot. The others was OK. Well, if ever that happened, *I'd* be OK, and that made me feel better when a few days later I was walking down the street in overalls at half-past seven in the morning with the rest of them. One side of my face felt lively and interested in what I was in for, but the other side was crooked and sorry for itself, so that a neighbour got a front view of my whole clock and called with a wide laugh, a gap I'd liked to have seen a few inches lower down in her neck: 'Ne' mind, Colin, it ain't all that bad.'

The man on the gate took me to the turnery. The noise hit me like a boxing glove as I went in, but I kept on walking straight into it without flinching, feeling it reach right into my guts as if to wrench them out and use them as garters. I was handed over to the foreman; then the foreman passed me on to the toolsetter; and the toolsetter took me to another youth – so that I began to feel like a hot wallet.

The youth led me to a cupboard, opened it, and gave me a sweeping brush. 'Yo' do that gangway,' he said, 'and I'll do this one.' My gangway was wider, but I didn't bother to mention it. 'Mike,' he said, holding out his hand, 'that's me. I go on a machine next week, a drill.'

'How long you bin on this sweeping?' I wanted to know, bored already.

'Three months. Every lad gets put on sweeping first, just to get 'em used to the place.' Mike was small and thin, older than me. We took to each other. He had round bright eyes and dark wavy hair, and spoke in a quick way as if he'd stayed at school longer than he had. He was idle, and I thought him sharp and clever, maybe because his mam and dad had died when he was three. He'd been brought up by an asthmatic auntie who'd not only spoiled him but let him run wild as well, he told me later when we sat supping from our tea-mugs. He'd quietened down now though, and butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, he said with a wink. I couldn't think why this was, after all his stories about him being a madhead – which put me off him at first, though after a bit he was my mate, and that was that.

We was talking one day, and Mike said the thing he wanted to buy most in the world was a gram and lots of jazz records – New Orleans style. He was saving up and had already got ten quid. 'Me,' I said, 'I want a bike, to get out at weekends up Trent. A shop on Arkwright Street sells good 'uns second-'and.'

I went back to my sweeping. It was a fact I'd always wanted a bike. Speed gave me a thrill. Malcolm Campbell was my bigshot – but I'd settle for a two-wheeled pushbike. I'd once borrowed my cousin's and gone down Balloon House Hill so quick I passed a bus. I'd often thought how easy it would be to pinch a bike: look in

Will you save a life—today?

They live in holes in the ground or in caves; they live in patchwork tents or desperately over-crowded barracks. Every month, the lucky ones receive a Red Cross ration of 20 lbs. of flour, 4 lbs. of rice and a little sugar, salt, cooking oil and soap. They suffer from dysentery, eczema, rickets and trachoma — which leads to blindness.

They are the forgotten people, who are not even to benefit from the British World Refugee year.

They are the refugees clinging to the borders of Algeria, from the Mediterranean to the Sahara.

At present, there are over 200,000 of them; but at the end of the next few months, short of a miracle, they will be far fewer in number. The winter will certainly kill thousands of these people unless help comes — and comes immediately.

We appeal to "New Statesman" readers to work the miracle. In a matter of days, your subscriptions can, through the supporting voluntary organisations mentioned below, be helping to stock dispensaries and mobile clinics, and to set up orphan homes in Tunisia and Morocco.

This is no empty rhetoric: even a modest sum will almost certainly save a life.

The fate of Algeria's refugees is in your hands.

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Please send donations to:

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Cheques can be made payable to the U.K. Committee for Algerian Refugees.

(The space for this appeal has been donated by a supporter)

a shop window until a bloke leaves his bike to go into the same shop, then nip in just before him and ask for something you knew they hadn't got; then walk out whistling to the bike at the curb and ride off as if it's yours while the bloke's still in the shop. I'd brood for hours: fly home on it, enamel it, file off the numbers, turn the handlebars round, change the pedals, take lamps off or put them on . . . only no, I thought, I'll be honest and save up for one when I get forced out to work, worse luck.

But work turned out to be a better life than school. I kept as hard at it as I could, and got on well with the blokes because I used to spout about how rotten the wages was and how hard the bosses slaved us – which made me popular you can bet. Like my old man always says, I told 'em: At 'ome, when you've got a headache, mash; at work, when you've got a headache, strike. Which brought a good few laughs.

Mike was put on his drill, and one Friday while he was cleaning it down I stood waiting to cart his rammel off. 'Are you still saving up for a bike then?' he asked me, pushing steel dust away with a handbrush.

'Course I am. But I'm a way off getting one yet. They rush you a fiver at that shop. Guaranteed though.'

He worked on for a minute or two then, without turning said, as if he'd got a birthday present or was trying to spring a good surprise on me: 'I've made up my mind to sell *my* bike.'

'I didn't know you'd got one,' I said.

'Well' – a look on his face as if there was a good few things I didn't know – 'I bus it to wok: it's easier.' Then in a pallier voice: 'I got it last Christmas, from my auntie. But I want a record player now.'

My heart was bumping. I knew I hadn't got enough, but: 'How much do you want for it?'

He smiled: 'It ain't how much I want for the bike, it's how much more dough I need to get the gram and a couple o' discs.'

I saw Trent Valley spread out below me from the top of Carlton Hill – fields and villages, and the river like a white silk scarf dropped from a giant's neck. 'How much do you need, then?'

He took his time about it, as if still having to reckon up. 'Fifty bob.' I'd only got two quid – so the giant snatched his scarf away and vanished. Then Mike seemed in a hurry to finish the deal: 'Look, I don't want to mess about, I'll let it go for two pounds five. You can borrow the other five bob.'

'I'll do it then,' I said, and Mike shook my hand like he was going away in the army: 'It's a deal. Bring the dough in the morning, and I'll bike it to wok.'

Dad was already in when I got home, filling the kettle at the scullery tap. I don't think he felt safe without there was a kettle on the gas. 'What would you do if the world suddenly ended, dad?' I once asked when he was in a good mood. 'Mash some tea and watch it,' he said. He poured me a cup.

'Lend's five bob dad, till Friday.'

He slipped the cosy on. 'What do *yo*' want to borrow money for?' I told him. 'Who from?' he asked.

'My mate at wok.'

He passed me the money. 'Is it a good 'un?'

'I ain't seen it yet. He's bringing it in t'morning.'

'Mek sure the brakes is safe.'

Mike came in half an hour late, so I wasn't able to see the bike till dinnertime. I kept thinking he'd took bad and wouldn't come at all, but suddenly he was stooping at the door to take his clips off – so's I'd know he'd got his – my – bike. He looked paler than usual, as if he'd been up the canal-bank all night with a piece of skirt. I paid him at dinnertime. 'Do you want a receipt for it?' he laughed. It was no time to lark about: I gave it a short test around the factory, then rode it home.

The next three evenings, for it was well in to summer, I rode a dozen miles out into the country, where fresh air smelt like cowdung and the land was coloured different, was wide open and windier than in streets: marvellous. It was like a new life starting up, as if till then I'd been tied by a mile-long rope round the ankle to home. Whistling along lanes I planned trips to Skeggy, wondering how many miles I could make in a whole day. If I peddled like mad, bursting my lungs for 15 hours I'd reach London where I'd never been: it was like sawing through the bars in clink. It was a good bike as well, a few years old, but a smart racer with lamps and saddlebag and a pump that went. I thought Mike was a bit loony parting with it at that price, but I supposed that that's how blokes are when they get dead set on a gram and discs. They'd sell their own mother, I thought, enjoying a mad dash down from Canning Circus, weaving between cars for kicks.

'What's it like having a bike?' Mike asked, stopping to slap me on the back – as jolly as I'd ever seen him, yet in a kind of way that don't happen between pals.

'You should know,' I said. 'Why? It's all right, ain't it? The wheels are good, aren't they?'

An insulted look came into his eyes. 'You can give it me back if you like. I'll give you your money.'

'I don't want it,' I said. I could no more part with it than my right arm, and he knew it. 'Got the gram yet?' And he told me about it for the next half hour; it had got so many dials for this-and-that he made it sound like a space ship. We was both satisfied, which was the main thing.

That same Saturday I went to the barber's for a hair-cut and when I came out I saw a bloke getting on my bike to ride it away. I tapped him on the shoulder, my fist flashing red for danger.

'Off,' I said, sharp, ready to smash the thieving bastard. He turned to me: a funny sort of thief, I couldn't help thinking, a respectable-looking bloke of about 40 wearing glasses and shiny shoes, smaller than me, with a moustache. Still, the swivel-eyed sinner was taking my bike.

'I'm boggered if I will,' he said, in a quiet way so that I thought he was a bit touched. 'It's my bike, anyway.'

'It bleddy-well ain't,' I swore, 'and if you don't get off I'll crack you one.'

A few people gawked at us. The bloke didn't mess about, and I can understand it now. 'Missis,' he called, 'just go down the road to that copper-box and ask a policeman to come up 'ere, will you? This is my bike, and this young bogger nicked it.'

I was strong for my age. 'You soddin' fibber,' I cried, pulling him clean off the bike so's it clattered to the pavement. I picked it up to ride away, but the bloke got me round the waist, and it was more than I could do to take him off up the road as well, even if I wanted to. Which I didn't.

'Fancy robbin' a working-man of his bike,' somebody called out from the crowd of idle bastards now collected. I could have mowed them down.

But I didn't get chance. A copper came, and the man was soon flicking out his wallet, showing a bill with the number of the bike on it: proof right enough. But I still thought he'd made a mistake. 'You can tell us all about that at the Guildhall,' the copper said to me.

I don't know why – I suppose I want my brains testing – but I stuck to a story that I found the bike dumped at the end of the yard that morning and was on my way to give it in at a copshop, and had called for a hair-cut first. I think the magistrate half believed me, because the bloke knew to the minute when it was pinched, and at that time I had a perfect alibi – I was in work, proved by my clocking-in card. I knew some rat who hadn't been in work though when he should have been.

All the same, being found with a pinched bike, I got put on probation, and am still doing it. I hate old Mike's guts for playing a trick like that on me, his mate; but it was lucky for him I hated the coppers more and wouldn't nark on anybody, not even a dog. Dad would have killed me if ever I had, though he didn't need to tell me. I could only thank God a story came to me as quick as it did; though in one way I still sometimes reckon I was barmy not to have told them how I got that bike.

There's one thing I do know: I'm waiting for Mike to come out of Borstal. He got picked up, the day after I was copped with the bike, for robbing his auntie's gas meter to buy more discs. I've got a big bone to pick with him, because he owes me 45 bob. I don't care where he gets it – even if he goes out and robs another meter – but I'll get it out of him, I swear blind I will. I'll pulverise him.

Another thing about him though that makes me laugh is that, if ever there's a revolution and everybody's lined-up with their hands out, Mike's will still be lily-white, because he's a bone-idle thieving bastard – and then we'll see how he goes on; because mine won't be lily-white, I can tell you that now. And you never know, I might even be one of the blokes picking 'em out.

ALAN SILLITOE

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The Arts and Entertainment

On the Distant Air

A GLOSSY green-and-red-covered magazine arrived the other day. It is the *Radio Times of Sarawak* – one of many overseas territories in which we maintain substantial broadcasting services, largely supplied with material by the BBC but enjoying autonomy in administration and programming. Some BBC material is heard direct, in Sarawak and elsewhere, on the General Overseas Service, which is on the air for over 22 hours a day; some of it is rebroadcast by local stations (the 6 p.m. news-bulletin, for instance, in some twenty countries daily), having been conveyed to them either by short-wave transmission or, as recordings, by mail.

Radio Sarawak is a good example of a local service of medium size – not so large and elaborate as some of those in Africa, but bigger than the new one in the Solomon Islands, which broadcasts for only an hour or two a day. (The staff Christmas party there must be exceptionally intimate.) It is perhaps rather better than average, having been fortunate in its personnel and in being able to operate without official interference under the urbane, civilised, and information-minded governorship of Sir Anthony Abell (who has just retired).

Nor, I gather, would it be fair to assume that the Sarawak government doesn't interfere only because the programmes are so bromidic that it would never occur to the stuffiest bureaucrat that there was anything to interfere with them about. On the contrary, those in charge of the station interpret their directive (that they are to encourage 'responsible discussion . . . on all matters of public interest') as covering topics of social, political, and even inter-racial controversy which might well not be allowed by the broadcasting authorities of Sarawak's great and independent neighbour, Indonesia. Many broadcasters, including senior government officials like Tom Harrisson, have sharply criticised government institutions. The special risks attached to inter-racial plain speaking seem to have been well worth taking. This tradition of free speech and comment and of avoidance of official propaganda – at any rate in its most boring direct forms – is now so well-established that it would not be easy for any future government to tamper with it.

The point about inter-racial controversy – and the understanding that should grow out of it – is of special importance. The first thing that strikes one about the *Radio Times of Sarawak* is that the programmes set out in it are in four languages, English, Malay, Chinese, and (for the Dyaks) Iban. The Dyaks are the least advanced educationally, and the broadcasts to rural schools (five mornings a week) take special account of their needs. The geography lessons broadcast on the first two Thursdays of last month were certainly calculated to broaden Sarawak infant minds: they were devoted to the study of Switzerland and Argentina.

Radio Sarawak's English programme opened at noon, one recent Sunday, with music by the splendidly named Sarawak Constabulary Band. Other programmes that day were nostalgic in character – *e.g., Sandy MacPherson at the BBC Theatre Organ* – but at 9.15 p.m. there was a radio-play adapted from David Garnett's *A Man in the Zoo*. On the next night, between the Glasgow Orpheus Choir and a serial based on *Anna Karenina*, came a 45-minute programme of local interest, *The Sarawak Scene*, 'in which "The Man in the Street" expresses his views on important subjects of the day'. The Chinese, Malay and Iban programmes include *Hongkong This Week*, Cantonese music, Teochew opera, recitals by Malay musicians, Anglican and Methodist services in various languages, and many items which I cannot translate. It is clear, however, that they are a well-varied and vigorous assortment, and that listeners who understand more than one language have a reasonably wide choice.

Many who speak Chinese or Malay listen, for instance, to the English programme's local election broadcasts by ward candidates; to *Cross Talk*, 'in which no holds are barred and not much quarter is given'; and to the extremely subjective *causerie*, describing aspects of life in London, recorded here by John Rayner, formerly in the Foreign Service in SE Asia and now working for Granada TV. This is proved by the large number of letters – some 4,000 a month – received from non-English listeners, students and others, who find that these programmes, as well as those more formally educational, help them to learn English. Half these letters, significantly, come from abroad – from Indonesia, Singapore, and Malaya.

Radio Sarawak is only five years old. Soon after it began there were thought to be some 6,000 radio sets in Sarawak; last year, 35,000 were licensed. To provide the 12 hours of programmes daily, there is a staff of 104, of whom only three – Director, Chief Engineer, and Head of Programmes – are European. The first two of these, Peter Ratcliffe and J. R. Sandison, are established civil servants. The Head of Programmes, John Cordeaux, is seconded from the BBC, where he used to conduct a training course for broadcasters in colonial territories.

The standards of quality set by these men are high: their basic concept is the same as that of the BBC – the concept of broadcasting as a public service. Their technical competence has been praised by expert visitors from London, Radio Australia, and the Voice of America. The people of Sarawak seem to find their programmes sufficiently entertaining.

They broadcast no commercials.

TOM DRIBERG

Victoriana Unlimited

THE Players' Theatre is an excellent, purist institution. They take their Victoriana with an unceasing determination, lighting their candles on the piano, going through all their other endless formalities and remorselessly toasting 'Our Queen – Victoria'. Yet there is a nostalgic jollity about the proceedings that is, all things considered, peculiarly unselfconscious. Moreover, they fulfil an excellent function: each year, they perform, quite straight, one of the original pantos. And now Cole Porter and Rodgers and Hammerstein have turned their attention to the form, this needs doing. Last year they took Planché's *King Charming* to the Lyric, Hammersmith. This year, in their own theatre, they have staged H. J. Byron's New and Original Burlesque Pantomime *Babes in the Wood*. If it is not quite as successful as their last show, that is because Byron was not as talented as Planché; but still, it is good value.

The jokes in the Victorian pantos were almost entirely of two kinds: Shakespearean and punning. The poor Bard gets it all ways. His charac-

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Whither?

CHRISTMAS 1959
PUBLISHED BY CULTURAL CONSUMERS' ASSOCIATION

CRITICS

Before purchasing a book or witnessing a film or play, or going to see some article of art, many people turn to the critics for advice. They may use any one of a dozen proprietary critics. Do any of these really work? If they do, is one better than another, or are they all much the same? To find the answers CCA used chemical analysis, field tests and laboratory tests. (*Times Literary Supplement* critics, which do not carry a trademark, were excluded.)

The Tests

The critics were tested over a period of 72 hours. Each one was fed a copy of *The Vodi;* a play about a working-class family changing its sex; a publisher's autobiography; and a dissertation, by a 17-year-old youth, on some misconceptions in religious thought. In the middle of this experiment the temperature was suddenly raised to 90° Fahrenheit and the critics were subjected to pressure from Lindsay Anderson and William Douglas Home.

For the field tests they were placed on the BBC programme, 'The Critics', with meters recording phrase-frequency ('It does seem to me'; 'I do so much agree'). They were then immersed in an Edgware Road basement art-gallery containing a hundred and thirteen canvases, each one painted entirely in blue.

Tests carried out at Festivals had to be discontinued as the wastage was too high.

The Results

72·8% of the critics began to backfire slightly over *The Vodi*; 95% appeared on inspection to have class A insulation when exposed to Lindsay Anderson and William Douglas Home, and one went into a flat-spin when fed the work of the 17-year-old youth. All reacted favourably to the one hundred and thirteen canvases. The TYNAN model, in spite of *New Yorker* cushioning, showed traces of Brecht-intake. The NICOLSON was reminded of a rather amusing luncheon with Anna de Noailles. Acid content was high in each model. It was found that critics left in strong sunlight developed a tendency to clear off to Capri and write a book.

Value for Money

Criticism varies enormously in cost (from 3s 6d on thick paper to 2½d on newsprint) and also in size. The following table shows the comparative cost, and effective life, of four brands of theatre criticism:

	Price	Average length of criticism	Average Reading Time	Average cost per inch
ALVAREZ	9d	1ft 4in	30m.	·47d
BRIEN	9d	2ft	30sec.*	·375d
HOBSON	5d	2ft	15m.	·21d
PRYCE-JONES	5d	2ft	45m.†	·21d

*excluding puns †including false starts

Criticism sold in bulk is nearly always overweight, and there are few complaints of short measure. A test on a sample CONNOLLY, however, showed liberal quotations from the work under review, a practice similar to the habit of selling wet coke.

Best Buys

▶ LINDSAY ANDERSON
▶ WILLIAM DOUGLAS HOME. Although neither of these models is perfect—the repeater-mechanism in the latter is faulty—both have the advantage of being free with their criticism, as against the rather expensive (·47d per inch) ALVAREZ.

CCA therefore rates them BEST BUYS.

▶ The TOYNBEE PLUNGER, in spite of a slight tendency to flap, can be recommended for general utility purposes.

In the next issue of Whither?

Points to watch for in the FABER MARK IV ('The Golding')

Corruption Thresholds of Selected DISC JOCKEYS

Fall-out in ALDERMASTON MARCHERS

TELEVISION—TINNED OR FRESH? Tests for conformity to Government Standards

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CRITIC
Regulation size
As new

The same critic after being interrupted by other critics on 'The Critics'

The same critic after 12 hours tumbling in a drum lined with the script of *Serjeant Musgrave's Dance*

The same critic after discovering that those damn canvases were painted by a four-year-old ape from a pet-shop in Camden Town, London, NW1

Correction

In the last issue of **Whither?** we published the results of some tests on poets. Among the products reviewed was the BETJEMAN. We should have made it clear that, while perfectly serviceable, this is a slightly old-fashioned model, which only reaches peak efficiency when operated in a suburban church by Butterfield. Consumers who attach more importance to High Fidelity and full-frequency range recording may prefer the LARKIN, which will go in any church.

BEATS and ANGRIES

Although most Angries on the market are poor adaptations of the Amis Redbrick, there are several original models which generate the same kind of heat. Since import restrictions have been relaxed there has also become available an American type of Angry known as the Beat.

CCA chose for testing four well-known makes of Beat and Angry, the Amis REDBRICK, the Osborne ARCHIE, the Ginsberg HOWLER and the Kerouac JUNKIE. The Wilson OUTSIDER which was tested in WILSONS (**Whither?**, October) was excluded.

Stability

A stability test to the requirements of British Standard 1670 was carried out to see at what point each Beat or Angry will fall over itself to get into the newspapers.

Result. The OSBORNE fell, in the direction of the *Daily Express*, at an angle of 15° to the horizontal. The others varied inversely according to personal magnetism.

How safe are they?

Angries can, and do, cause accidents. We carried out a safety test, using a modified version of a test laid down in BS 2049 (Part 1) which applies to paraffin heaters. Each of the Angries was loaded with a member of the Establishment and dropped from a height of eight feet. Both had broken 'elements', and a temperature-cycled Beat burst at 40 pounds per square inch.

Both the American models had strong traces of Zen content. The English models gave a negative reaction, which in the Amis REDBRICK sounded like a hollow laugh.

Radio & TV Interference

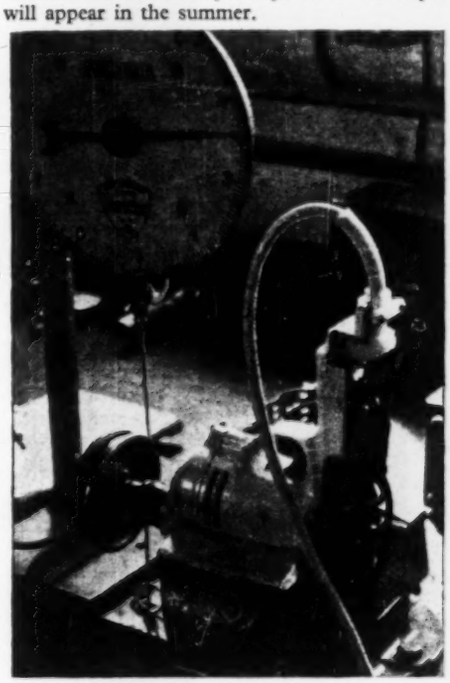
Tests were carried out on long and medium wave radio, and on Bands I and III (television) for signs of interference.

Result. All failed. Whenever two Angries appeared on the same wavelength there developed violent sparking and plugging and also dial trouble. The LOGUE, which was not even being tested, set up a severe oscillation which turned out to be a long poem scored for the Modern Jazz Quartet. The GINSBERG set up a long poem which turned out to be a severe oscillation. When set to music, the OSBORNE petered out.

How long will they last?

Although the Beats and Angries are nearly all guaranteed against rot for 25 years, most of them—in common with all the new plastic products—have not been on the market long enough for this to be anything but prophecy.

NOTE: The washing tests on Chelsea Set Beatniks are now nearly complete. A full report will appear in the summer.



Torque Measurement

War Memoirs

There is now a bewildering array of war memoirs on the market—more, even, than the great variety of detergents and liquid soaps now available. About half of these are discharged directly into the *Sunday Times;* the rest flow into various columns and across the Atlantic.

What effect do these war memoirs have on the atmosphere? Do they irritate the skin? Do they cause rashes? What about 'foam'? CCA has been carrying out an analysis.

What is a War Memoir?

A war memoir is anything which remembers the war and which has access to secret telegrams beginning 'Pray let me have an immediate report.' War memoirs are usually produced by retired officers of the substantive rank of general. There are a number of synthetic war memoirs trading under such brand-names as *I was the Fuehrer's Mistress* and *Mission into Nowhere.* These have been excluded.

Makers' Claims

There is a good deal of competition between the makers of war memoirs and they are apt to make extravagant claims for their products and to introduce 'knocking copy' attacking rival products. **There are also many bargain offers in which consumers are urged to buy war memoirs at a reduced rate in consideration of a book club subscription, or to take them for nothing in exchange for packet tops.** All claims and premium offers have been ignored in this analysis of three American products (Eisenhower, Mark Clark, Bradley), three British (Alanbrooke, Montgomery, Auchinleck), and three German (Manstein, Guderian, Rommel).

Survey Analysis

	U.S.	U.K.	GERMAN
Complimentary references to political head of state	nil	nil	nil
Insulting refs. to p.h. of s.	500	539	547
Comp. refs. to allies	nil	nil	nil
Ins. refs. to allies	400	400	400
Comp. refs. to enemy	73	865	1
E.g's of Bowery/Scottish/Bavarian soldiers' wit	59	1,132	12
Refs. to hobbies (e.g. birdwatching)	14	105	nil
Date war would have ended if writer's advice had been taken ..	May 1945	1943-44	1938-40

ters are pilloried – here the Wicked Uncle and Aunt are a grouse-shooting Lord and Lady Macbeth – and his lines massacred – when the governess is pushed too far by her wards, she cries out in Lear's voice 'O school, I shall go mad'. But it is Shakespeare re-written in the style of Thomas Hood: as Lady Macassar is having her sleep-walking scene, an onlooker whispers in awe 'The train of thought is passing o'er that sleeper'. And so on.

Miss Joan Sterndale Bennett, fiery-wigged as the governess, Mr Fred Stone who, as Sir Roland Macassar, has trouble with both kilt and conscience, Miss Hope Jackman as 'Sir Rowland's aider and a-better half' and Miss Sheila Bernette do their stuff with enormous vigour. Mr Don Gemmell, director and master of ceremonies, has staged the whole show with aplomb, and the talented Miss Betty Lawrence presides, as they say, at the Grand Pianoforte.

A. ALVAREZ

Gramophone Records

THE *Decca* recording of Britten's *Peter Grimes* (SXL 2150-2, or LXT 5521-3) is a major service to British music. It is many years since a recording of *Peter Grimes* was first talked of, but today we have some cause to be grateful for the delay. Needless to say, the superlative technical quality of the new recording would not have been possible a decade ago, or even a year or two ago. But that is not quite the point. What matters is that sufficient time has elapsed for the work to take its legitimate place: not as that freak thing, a successful English opera, but more solidly as a theatrical masterpiece by a composer who happens to be English. Of course, we listen today with clearer ears. As with any major composer, the later works impart a measure of hindsight. There are many things in *Grimes* which today we can appreciate as characteristic and original, whereas before they may have been missed through paying too much attention to the work's obvious eclecticism. While it is true that comparison with the later works – especially *Billy Budd*, whose loss from the Covent Garden repertory is a tragedy – reveals certain inevitable immaturities in *Grimes*, the fact remains that the work seems, if anything, more impressive than ever. The gains outweigh the losses.

For one reason or another, there is little likelihood of hearing in the opera house as fine a performance of *Peter Grimes* as the one on these records, and since the full score is hard to come by, the value of the recording for study purposes is very great. I for one had never quite realised how astonishingly rich is the detail of the accompaniment, not least in the more chamber-musical textures. We owe much to the recording engineers for the extraordinary clarity of the contrapuntal parts in the big ensembles such as the 'Storm cone' chorus and the 'Old Joe' shanty in the first act; and the differentiation of the contrasted music in the superb Church scene is a *tour de force*. The only element which seems to be underrecorded is the music of the off-stage band. It is possible that the composer (who conducts most brilliantly throughout) may have been responsible for playing down a feature of the score whose ancestry is perhaps a little too apparent.

With the exception of the viola solo at the end of Act II, the orchestral playing is of a very high standard, and must share the honours with the admirable cast. Miss Claire Watson is a fine singer, but not perhaps the ideal Ellen Orford. In the long melodic line, such as the second act's 'Glitter of waves and glitter of sunlight', she lacks a certain broadness of phrasing and warmth of tone. James Pease makes a forceful Balstrode, though his intonation is not always reliable when there is no doubling of the voice part in the orchestra. The smaller parts are all excellently done. But the major asset of the recording is Peter Pears's Grimes. Magnificent both in the moments of visionary peace and in the outbursts of pathetic delusion, his performance is as distinguished histrionically as it is musically. This is one of the classic interpretations of our time, and the crowning achievement of a recording that deserves our most heartfelt thanks.

HMV have issued a recording (ALP 1705) of Menuhin playing Bartok's Solo Violin Sonata, together with his performance of the First Violin and Piano Sonata, accompanied by Hephzibah Menuhin. The performance of the Solo Sonata is acceptable though disappointing. The Violin Sonata, regrettably, is not even acceptable. Sentimental and mannered phrasing, poor intonation, and slack rhythm make it hard to sit the performance through. From Mercury comes a recording of work by French composers (MMA 11044), played by the Detroit Orchestra under Paray. The main feature of the record is a lively performance of Roussel's Suite in F. Ravel's *Ma Mère L'Oye* shows up weaknesses in the Detroit woodwind, but Chabrier's *Bourré Fantasque* comes off very well. The record also includes a nondescript orchestral work by Henri Barraud.

Some time ago in these columns Mr Peter Heyworth pleaded for the issue in this country of Lotte Lenya's famous American Columbia record of songs by Kurt Weill, to texts of Brecht and Kaiser. Now, from Philips, comes a 7 in. disc (ABE 10118) containing four of the twelve songs from the Columbia recording. They are the most popular, but not perhaps the most remarkable, songs of the twelve. Presumably the complete record will be issued if the sales of the present extract seem to warrant it. This hardly seems a very enlightened policy, but at least it is one stage better than the total suppression of many of the best American recordings of modern classics.

DAVID DREW

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Blood and Thunder

GENERAL LEW WALLACE is probably not an author well-known to you, but his *Ben-Hur* has been for some generations wellnigh inescapable, at any rate for cinema-goers. I remember it, in 1926, with its final skyline of the Crucifixion, and in the foreground Mr Ramon Navarro embracing (could it have been?) Francis X. Bushman: 'He died,' announced the caption, 'but Love goes on forever'. One couldn't quite hope for as much from the new William Wyler version (Empire), but I went with that nice mixture of dread and anticipation that must attend a three-and-a-half hours' biblical entertainment, with Intermission.

And in a way I wasn't disappointed. Years later, it seemed, I came away grooved by chariot wheels, pearled with leprosy, crucified, tear-bedaubed, battle-stained – all in Camera 5/ Technicolor – too bemused to care even if I had been bored. Had I been bored? Well, it started so thick and melodramatic: the Three Wise Men and the Byre as a mere hors d'œuvre or pre-title flash, and then a lot of slow, strong, clasping stuff about old school chums met: the new Tribune of Judæa and that aristocrat of Jews, Ben-Hur. It soon became pretty obvious that the old school tie didn't work here. Ben-Hur, in fact, was arrested for treason, together with his mother and sister. They, imprisoned, quickly became lepers: what else was open to them? He, after three years in the galleys, saved a dour Roman (Jack Hawkins) from drowning – incidentally transforming him from a sort of Nazi into a kind of Mr Cheeryble. So Ben-Hur got to Rome, was rewarded by Tiberius, took up chariot racing, and then had thoughts of going home; where, of course, his old school chum was having a simply flogging time, and his poor family were deep in leprosy. Then, happily, came the Intermission.

Part two – a mere hour or so – contains a succession of bangs: the famous chariot race, the lepers' valley, and the Crucifixion. What *could* follow that except 'God Save the Queen'? Duly it did. We had had our fill. And we felt empty, or at least I did. Not that this *Ben-Hur* isn't the best we have had, but it swallows all who attempt it. Now and then Wyler tries to bob up with an elegiac courtyard or the scenes behind the races – and, of course, the races themselves; the dialogue (we have gathered) owes much to Christopher Fry; there is a brilliantly comic episode of an Arab chief (Hugh Griffith) with four white horses, who will eventually triumph in the arena. Charlton Heston and Stephen Boyd strike a good hero-villain partnership. Love is dull. Orgy wilts. Blood and thunder, especially on Golgotha, seems to me vilely overdone, as is also the frenzy of the MGM symphony orchestra. But then perhaps I lack the two-million, Christmas spirit.

Horror and Vice, this season, are well in evidence. The first is represented by *Five Gates to Hell* (general release), with its gay femininity of nursing, rape, nunnery, machine-gunning, all in Vietnam, and the complaint of one panting toiler over the mountains – 'I say, I'm simply *starving*'; and *Stranglers of Bombay* (London Pavilion), a

romance of thuggee which manages to be both nasty and boring. Vice (at the Cinephone) blossoms with a double bill in *Dolls of Vice* and *Girl of Shame*, West German, naughty, old-fashioned. Just the thing for the tired shopper.

Then there is the full-length Magoo, *1001 Arabian Nights*, which started off with the mistake of making him Aladdin's Uncle, and never really recovers (Marble Arch Odeon). Norman Wisdom recurs in *Follow a Star* (New Victoria), in which there seems to be a conspiracy that Mr Wisdom can sing. We hear him at it. The plot hinges on it. And so far as I'm concerned that makes nonsense of the whole thing. However, he *can* be funny and is at moments, when he doesn't try to be ingratiating, and at the core of this sweet man there is, I think, a monkey trying to break loose.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

'Cav. and Pag.', at Covent Garden

The electrifying productions of *Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Pagliacci*, in a double-bill at Covent Garden, prove irrefutably the tremendous vitality and enduring significance of 'those two old things'. Performed like this, they spring to life as vivid tapestries of the primitive southern Italian people, authentic because crude, sparing nothing of popular vulgarity and sentimentality. The whole show is a triumph for the all-British cast, but the palm must be awarded to Franco Zeffirelli: he has put them in profusely realistic Italian settings and dressed them in a lavish array of Italian costumes (both of his own devising), and produced them as Italians to the life, with expressions and gestures as to the manner born. And, having thus set a Sicilian and a Calabrian village before us, he makes the sun rise and set on them magically, with some of the most poetic lighting I have seen on an operatic stage.

Singing and acting are of a high standard almost without exception, but outstanding are Charles Craig's Turiddu (difficult to believe that he is not an Italian, vocally and dramatically), Amy Shuard's intensely distraught Santuzza, and Geraint Evans's beautifully-sung and brilliantly-acted Tonio. Jon Vickers, with his powerful voice, made the most of Canio's toughness, jealousy and murderous fury, but his 'Vesti la giubba', sensitively though it was sung, lacked the true self-pity because he did not 'ham' the number properly with a paroxysm of sobbing. A vocal high-spot of the evening was Kenneth MacDonald's singing of Harlequin's serenade; chorus and orchestra rose nobly to the occasion under the spirited direction of Edward Downes and Bryan Balkwill.

D. C.

'Aladdin', at the Coliseum

This enormously elaborate pantomime suffers from split personality. It is all for the eye and nothing for the ear. A generation colour-starved by television should benefit from it but they will need plenty of stamina for it is devilish long, every minute of three hours. Loudon Sainthill's scenery and costumes are brilliant, riotously chromatic and far more genuinely Chinese looking than most Chinese restaurants. His backdrops are delightfully detailed; his trickiest scenic effects such as the Palace of Lights really come off. The dancing directed by Robert Helpmann is copious, conscientiously active and at least as spirited as you can expect considering the music. The book is deadish; the acting correspondingly numbed. Bob Monkhouse's Aladdin has reasonable élan. Ronald Shiner's Dame is tame. The Slaves are better: the Lamp a Herculean Yul Brynner; the Ring an exceptionally nubile contortioniste, don't miss her. Cole Porter's music is the big disappointment here. A few faint ghostly echoes of past hits only; not one single catchy tune, neither 'I Am Loved' nor 'I Adore You'. And no amusing musical Chinoiserie which would have gone so nicely with the décor. But take your children by all means, especially older girls who will appreciate the panto-ballet even if it hasn't quite blended. And of course if you have deaf relations this is the compulsory outing.

M. R.

Correspondence

F. E. SMITH AND CASEMENT

SIR,—I have been studying the life of Sir Roger Casement, with particular reference to his recently published diaries and his trial. Seeing that the NEW STATESMAN has recently been concerning itself with these matters, may I ask you to help me set the record right in regard to a dead man who has been, I believe, cruelly and quite unjustifiably vilified, and cannot speak for himself?

Critic, in your issue of 4 May 1957, stated: 'I am told, on excellent authority, that he (Lord Birkenhead) even fed tasty extracts of pornography from the diary to select dinner parties of his male and female friends'.

My investigation of the facts led me to question Critic about his authority for this charge. He tells me that he has consulted his original informant, and that his statement that F.E. repeatedly showed round the diaries with prurient intent was based on the evidence of one dinner-party only, at which, according to the witness relied on, F.E.'s conduct was consistent with a desire only to ascertain 'whether a sane man could have written those passages, with obvious effect on the trial'. It is not in dispute that F.E. offered the diaries to the defence at the trial, to enable them, if they wished, to put in a plea of insanity.

I am sure you will welcome the opportunity of correcting the unqualified statement that Birkenhead repeatedly showed the diaries round and that his motive for doing so was a prurient one.

Critic's charge was repeated by Mr Brian Inglis in the *Spectator* of 6 March 1959: 'Like a Port Said dirty-picture vendor', wrote Inglis, 'Smith used to show copies of the diaries he had to shockable Irish visitors like Gavan Duffy'. In the light of the evidence, this turns out to refer to a single occasion (in 1922) when Birkenhead granted to Michael Collins and (not Duffy, but) Eamon Duggan (who wished to ascertain whether the diaries were genuine) an official order to inspect the original in the House of Lords. 'Like a Port Said dirty-picture vendor' is a happy touch inserted gratuitously by Mr Inglis, who in the *Spectator* has publicly (albeit without any evident relish) eaten the dirt with which he attempted to smear F.E.'s good name.

Unfortunately, the campaign is being continued in your columns by Mr Paul Johnson. Professor Trevor-Roper has exposed Mr Johnson's manipulation of the evidence about F.E.'s conduct of the Casement prosecution. May I draw attention to another example of the same methods?

Mr Johnson asks 'Why did he (F.E.) show them (the diaries) to Michael Collins and Eamon Duggan?' and supplies his own answer: it was 'because he wanted to discredit Casement still further'. Yet, according to a memorandum left by Duggan, when a surreptitious publication of the Diaries was intended, F.E., 'at the request of certain people here (in Dublin) who didn't wish the memory of Casement or anyone associated with 1916 reviled', went to the publishers and used his influence to get the publication stopped.

If this is true, it shows that F.E.'s attitude was the opposite of that imputed to him by Mr Johnson. Whether it is true or not, it shows that Duggan himself can have had no doubt that F.E.'s motive in allowing access to the diaries was an honourable one.

Mr Johnson must have been aware of Duggan's memorandum which is printed in Lord Birkenhead's book. He makes no mention of it, but to sneer at Lord Birkenhead as an 'unprofessional' historian. Perhaps historical truth is sometimes safer with an unprofessional historian than with a professional journalist.

JOHN SPARROW

Oxford

[Paul Johnson writes: It was most encouraging to find myself attacked, in one and the same week, by both the Society of Jesus and Professor Trevor-Roper; and now this unusual combination is joined by Warden Sparrow. Two weeks ago I cited another instance of Sir Frederick Smith discussing Casement's abnormality at a fashionable dinner-party. Two Sparrows, we know, do not make a Sumner; but if Smith used Casement as a society talking-point on two known occasions (showing extracts from the Diary on one of them), is it not reasonable to assume there were others—thus justifying Critic's original assertion? Professor Trevor-Roper chooses to lecture me on the evaluation of evidence. It seems to me that the Sullivan letter is of limited value because, at the time it was written, its author was not in possession of all the facts. I therefore prefer his later version of events. Obviously this is a matter of opinion. Both Warden Sparrow and Professor Trevor-Roper appear to labour under the illusion that I have some axe to grind. May I state emphatically that I belong neither to the F.E. claque nor to the Casement fanatics, and that I regard the whole controversy as tedious and profitless? Smith was a really great man—as I said in my review. He also had grave faults, and did some indefensible things. His admirers do no service to his memory by denying this.—ED., *NS.*]

BIRTH CONTROL DEBATE

SIR,—Fr. Eastwell's statements are but further proof that the Roman Catholic Church is divorced not only from contemporary affairs, but from human activity without regard to period.

Apart from the regrettable fact that Catholic teaching and Catholic practice seldom coincide, his attitudes toward contraceptive abuses in marriage (as distinct from extra-marital relations and their possible encouragement by contraceptive techniques), chooses to ignore that the sexual act is ideally an inevitable consumation of mutual unselfish love. His implication that pleasure is taken without recompense is further invalidated by the common knowledge that there is little real satisfaction in *coitus* until experience and patience have been expended over an often considerable period of time. His case, in his clumsy analogy, of the term 'male animal' is indicative enough of his attitude towards such matters. No amount of syrup about 'Gods high privilege' and 'His work of creation' can obscure an inherent lack of

THE CHINA QUARTERLY

A NEW JOURNAL OF COMMENT AND DOCUMENTATION

Issue One **London, January 1960**

Communist China's First Decade

Overall Appraisals: by Howard L. Boorman, G. F. Hudson, C. P. FitzGerald, Michael Lindsay, Stuart Kirby, Benjamin Schwartz, H. Arthur Steiner, Guy Wint, Karl A. Wittfogel.

Economic Development by Li Choh-ming.

Sino-Soviet Relations by Robert C. North.

China and Asia by Guy Wint.

Chinese Rule in Tibet by George N. Patterson.

Debate on Chinese Communist History: Karl A. Wittfogel's critique of the "Maoist" interpretation. Benjamin Schwartz replies in Issue Two.

Chronicle of politics, economics, foreign relations, China, 1959.

Editorial Board: **G. F. Hudson, Roderick MacFarquhar (Editor).**

Enquiries to:

THE CHINA QUARTERLY,
1-2, LANGHAM PLACE, LONDON, W.1.

sympathy, which is all too familiar, especially in the Catholic Church.

R. P. HEAD

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SIR,—No doubt Father Eastwell, SJ, had good reasons for choosing your pages for letting loose on the world his remarkable theological pronouncement that it is 'impossible' for God to create except through the human sexual act, and thus repudiating the Virgin Birth of the Founder of Christianity. But if they are to be used as the medium for dogmatic pronouncements of this kind, should we not also be told whether this is now the official teaching of the Society whose initials are appended to his name, and from one of whose colleges he writes? If so, should not a copy of last week's NEW STATESMAN be sent to the Cardinal Secretary of the Congregation of the Holy Office, for his information?

A. S. B. GLOVER

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ECONOMICS OF WORLD TENSION

SIR,—Dr Balogh says that 'the contradictions in the non-Soviet world between the problems of the highly developed and those of the poor areas is likely to frustrate efforts to achieve stability in the former and make it difficult to bring effective aid to non-Communist governments in the latter', and that, by contrast, 'if Russia were to make use of her superior industrial capacity to obtain raw materials and food by exchanging them for industrial products', both Russia and the poor areas would benefit considerably.

Dr Balogh seems unable to see the wood for the trees (which he sees extraordinarily clearly). Why cannot the industrialised countries of the West exchange industrial products for raw materials as he suggests Russia may do? His answer is that the private enterprise system of the West is at present pursuing restrictive policies entailing stagnation and unemployment, and is in any case unlikely to be able to separate expansion from inflation. His condemnation of the system is stunning, yet he seems unable to free his mind from the false identification of economic freedom with private enterprise, instead of with economic democracy, the conscious planning of resources by communal ownership of the 'commanding heights' of production (the system which we old fogies call Socialism).

Peaceful co-existence need not be a 'struggle between the totalitarian, planned and deliberately expansionist economies of Russia and China, and the free economies of the West'—a contest which, as Dr Balogh proves, the West will lose. It could be the co-operation of the planned and deliberately expansionist economies of both West and East in eradicating world poverty—a contest which everyone would win.

JOHN EBER

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LABOUR'S MORAL APPEAL

SIR,—I admire Lord Pakenham's plea for the Labour Party to put morality before vote-catching. But I fail to understand how one seeks the Kingdom of God armed with the 'nuclear deterrent'.

BENEDICT BIRNBERG

8 The Orchard, SE3

HITLER'S BEST SON

SIR,—I sympathise with Sñ Balbontin's letter of protest (NEW STATESMAN, 12 December) against Eisenhower's visit to 'the best, or the worst, son of Hitler'; but the futility of this kind of Spanish liberalism was convincingly demonstrated in the same issue by the excellent article which emphasised the stability of Franco's regime, and suggested that it will fall only when clandestine organisations inside Spain achieve an effective junction with the discontented masses. The aimless students' 'revolt' at Madrid in 1956 showed that serious resistance cannot be expected from what your correspondent calls 'Spain's most political class'; the students are really the most politically expressive section of their class, rather than a class in themselves. Endless political talk and a few manifestos constituted this 'revolt', a protest against the Falange rather than against Franco; the students were the victims and not the instigators of violence, and the wounding of one person and the suspension of classes ended the affair at once. Outside their faculties, students' chances of meeting and organising are restricted, and once they acquire jobs and families they can no longer afford such enthusiasms. The number of politically active non-Communist left-wing students must be very small indeed, and it is doubtful if they have contacts with the workers. If, therefore, the Communists are as strong as your correspondent reports, the danger that they may gain control of the masses is surely even greater than he implies; a practical point which those who advocate Franco's overthrow should surely ponder, before replacing Hitler's son with Stalin's.

ANTHONY LUTTRELL

46 Via di San Salvatore in Campo
Rome

BOYCOTT CAMPAIGN

SIR,—Earlier this year the Committee of African Organisations, at the request of the African National Congress in South Africa, launched an appeal to individual people in Britain to boycott South African goods. The appeal for a boycott is supported in the Union of South Africa, not only by the African National Congress, but also by its allies—including the Liberal Party whose president is Alan Paton.

A boycott movement has been launched; and now the Committee of African Organisations has asked Christian Action to assist in this work. After careful consideration Christian Action has been glad to respond to this request. Early next year there will be an intensified one-month campaign.

To make this campaign succeed, and to prove to the South African government that there are countless individuals in this country who are prepared to express by action their whole-hearted disapproval of racial intolerance, money is needed. I urge all who wish to support this campaign, in addition to boycotting South African goods, to send their maximum donations to The Secretary, Christian Action, 2 Amen Court, London, EC4, earmarked 'Boycott Campaign'.

L. JOHN COLLINS
Chairman, Christian Action

SIR,—The Cambridge University United Nations Association has set up a commission to inquire into certain aspects of the boycott of South African produce which is being proposed in this country. We are interested in the possible political and economic effects that this kind of action can produce both here and in South Africa. Should any of your readers have information or opinions which would be of use to us in our inquiry I would be pleased if they would write to me.

R. G. W. PRESCOTT
Chairman of the Commission

55 Tavistock Avenue
Perivale, Middx

THE BIRCH

SIR,—The statistics I referred to (5 December) have often been published. They show that in 1948, when the only floggable crime was robbery with violence, the number of these offences was 978; in 1949, with flogging abolished, the number fell to 860, and for the next seven years it remained at well under 900—although other crimes of violence increased during the same period.

It seems generally agreed that 'normal' people are usually deterred by the threat of corporal punishment. Compared with other forms of violent assault with no premeditated idea of robbery, it would appear that robbery with violence is about the most premeditated of violent crimes and should therefore be one of the easiest to frighten people away from by flogging. Yet since flogging has not proved a successful deterrent, it looks as if these crimes must, after all, be committed by people who are either abnormal or in an abnormal state at the time.

Mr de S. Honey's mention of psychopathic criminals seems to me beside the point. For can it ever really be considered 'normal' in a broad human sense to commit any violent crime?

T. S. BAZLEY

Eastleach Martin
Cirencester, Gloucestershire

SHOOT TO KILL

SIR,—Peter Duval Smith, in his review of Richard Miers' book *Shoot to Kill*, says that the Communists were the only people to offer continued resistance in Malaya after the fall of Singapore. This is a common assumption, but it is wrong.

In 1942 non-Communist Chinese formed themselves into resistance groups in several parts of Malaya. In 1943 and 1944 Kuo Min-tang groups with which I was associated overran military police posts in northern Malaya and southern Siam, capturing well over a hundred small arms, mostly rifles. I have not heard of comparable feats performed by the Communists.

The Communists waged a relentless campaign against the non-Communists. Some of them were brought under Communist control by persuasion. In my experience, these were Hakkas, like the majority of the Communists. Others were deprived of their arms by cunning. The Communists sought to exterminate the rest by treachery, and, in the end, warfare. In 1945, after arms had been dropped to the Communists from India, they launched an offensive against the Kuo Ming-tang guerrillas in Kelantan, which proved very successful. If the facts were assembled, I think it might well be found that in north Malaya the Communists inflicted more casualties on non-Communist guerrillas than on forces under Japanese control.

From some of us who were with them in the first half of the Japanese occupation, the Communists took no trouble to conceal their expectation of being in a position, by the end of the war, to impose a Communist regime on Malaya. I think that most of the British officers who assisted the Communists during the war, and whose interest in Malaya continued after the war, have long since recognised that the Communists treated the resistance movement as the means of realising this expectation.

J. C. CREER

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THE *NEW AGE*

SIR,—I have not yet seen Paul Silver's study of A. R. Orage; but your reviewer has got his perspective wrong. The *New English Weekly* was not 'very much the *New Age* under another name'; it was a non-sectarian journal scarcely distinguishable from any other. Whereas the *New Age*, particularly just before and in the early part of the first world war, was *the* left-wing paper, which everybody who was anybody read as they did the irreverent *Daily Herald* of Lansbury, Chesterton, and Will Dyson. Your reviewer picks out only literary names, omitting altogether political journalists such as S. G. Hobson (author of *National Guilds*), Arthur Penty, G. D. H. Cole, Maurice Reckitt, etc., whose articles formed much of the political mind of the Left. Even Ezra Pound's writing was at any rate half-political—very odd politics, no doubt. The *New Age* died when Orage embraced first Major Douglas and then Ouspensky; the *New English Weekly* was a pale *revenant*; if that.

MARGARET COLE

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Draw Back the Curtains

For the critic, this is the season when he blurs his focus and talks of trends and tendencies. It is interesting to pick up a book like John Wain's useful *International Literary Annual**, now in its second year, and to read what is going on in Swedish, Australian, American and Eastern European literature. It is frustrating because we shall probably never read most of the books, but one is alerted because the same question is asked in every country: the question of the writer's relation to mass societies. Even in Sweden, where society does not change but stagnates in the perfection of its achievement, writers are nagged by the idea that there ought to be a question. Beyond the Iron Curtain there are many young writers who are surfeited with social consciousness. In general, Right and Left are now in confusion. Here, a word of warning about the dangers of considering a literature by its tendencies and trends instead of by the methods of literary criticism. Tendencies are the peculiar interest of ideologists, contact men and public relations officers. In Eastern Europe the study of tendency has replaced literary criticism, which has been reduced to sorting out the 'correct' tendencies from the 'incorrect'; now the ideologists are on the defensive, often plaintively so. They are anxious about their Philistinism in the arts. That is a good sign, for artists are fertilised by other artists; creative criticism is fertilised by the arts themselves.

Philistinism is the subject of a cogent and sympathetic inquiry by Mr Anthony Hartley in the present *Annual*. He attempts to analyse and appraise certain questions about our culture that are asked mainly by the Left. Why has the Welfare State done so little for culture? Why do we allow such popular culture as we have to be corrupted, more than ever, by unscrupulous commercial interests? Shall we perpetuate the cultural split between the élite and the rest? Mr Hartley criticises the assumptions behind these questions which can be found in the writings of Richard Hoggart, Raymond Williams and by those who have borrowed from them in *Universities and Left Review*. The subject is so ramified that Mr Hartley can chop at it only here and there; he suggests that the Left has turned to culture because it has lost its transcendent ethic' and is dogmatising in a field unsuited to dogma. He seems to me wildly wrong in thinking the Aldermaston march and the enlightened attitude to the Wolfenden Report are Bohemian. They are severely ethical. He is certain that culture, in advanced societies, is an inheritance handed down by artists; it does not grow from below. The debate is confused, as he says, first by the failure to distinguish between 'culture' and 'a culture'; secondly by the failure to see that 'a culture', in modern society, is fundamentally different from the static, ritualised culture of a primitive society. We go on thinking and adding. The important thing in his essay is that he understands what an artist is, and that

> . . . from the point of view of those producing it (artists, musicians, writers), their work is essentially individual (not to say aristocratic), and that all expressions such as 'democratic culture', 'working-class culture' when applied to works of art are misplaced metaphors borrowed from politics or sociology. Goethe spoke for all creative artists when he wrote: 'In my profession as a writer, I have never asked myself how I may be of service to the whole. But always I have sought to *make* myself better and more full of insight, to increase the content of my own personality, and then only to express what I had recognised as good and true.

As every artist knows, there is no alternative to being true to oneself, but one has also the duty of seeing to it that one has a self continually active, *i.e.*, worth being true to.

Mr Hartley himself forgets his own standard when he speaks slightingly about Betjemanites and the escape into Edwardian nostalgia and horror of the Welfare State. Its logical end is an authoritarian society run by cultural toughs. No doubt; but cultural movements do not come to logical conclusions. Whatever Betjeman's aberrations, or however much we may deplore his 'tendency', he is a poet who has cared for his insight. It would be rash to say that this interest in nostalgia, sentiment, eccentricity and religion has not been important in the popular cultures we have had so far. And when Mr Betjeman calls for the bomb to fall on Slough, he expresses the anger of those who have sung *Jerusalem* in vain for generations and who are about to be angrier about Piccadilly Circus.

It is dangerous to endow trends and tendencies with a logic. We cannot, in the first place, be sure that a tendency is what it seems to be. If we turn from our own parish pump to the situation in contemporary Poland, we shall see a startling example of misunderstanding. For many years in British Left-wing circles I have listened to attacks on Kafka, who has been denounced as an esoteric and arid experimentalist who ignores 'man in society', as a reactionary who has withdrawn into private neurosis and pathology. Yet, at the present moment, Kafka is eagerly discussed and admired by the young Poles because they find that he has described exactly the state of conscience of people who have to live in a mass society organised by dogma, and who – inside the Party and out of it – live in a state of guilt. We had forgotten that mass society has its neuroses and that correct views have their sicknesses. You cannot be too careful in talking about tendency. You cannot tell what ghosts will walk. Mass society may not be interested in society at all. In our own Welfare State, it turns out that ordinary people are dreaming not of Justice but of Fortune.

This brings Mr Hartley to Mr Hoggart's theme – the debasement of the old working-class virtues by television and the press. Mr Hartley believes, in opposition to Mr Hoggart, that the influence is superficial, at any rate in its effect on political judgment. However, I cannot agree that people who are not gullible in politics are also unlikely to be gullible in taste. The social and political writers are no guides to the arts. Mr Hartley thinks it a mistake to put the whole blame on the mass media, terrible as are the depths to which they often fall; the real trouble is that the mass of people have got only halfway in the journey towards genuine literacy. And, we must add, Mr Hoggart's old working-class and the present working-class live in utterly different physical worlds. Those who owe their assurance and real education to a fixed place and trade tend to lose them as they become mobile. Huddersfield is better soil than the new conurbations are.

What alternative is there to exploitation? Censorship, ideological direction, in Mr Hartley's opinion. He becomes logical again: if you start censoring seaside postcards, it won't be long before you ban *Ulysses* again. But need we be so extreme? We have this year managed to put on the statute-book a law which looks like distinguishing at last between literature and pornography. And what about a unified and classless culture? If we become 'committed', a word now suspect to artists all over the world, then we shall impose an ideological culture. That has turned out to be insufferable and sterile in Eastern Europe. He repeats that to assume that 'culture' ought to come from 'a culture' is to reverse experience since the Renaissance. The more advanced the society, the more various its cultural expression.

I agree with Mr Hartley's 'tendency', but in all these arguments about our culture I suspect there is a suggestion that 'they' should become like 'us'. 'They' have got to be taught and, although no-one doubts that education enlarges understanding and awakens sensibility, artists themselves have commonly resisted education. They teach themselves. Yet for more than a generation, a large number of artists of one kind or another have been used primarily as teachers. Standards have been raised – but who knows at what cost to creative vitality as far as they and, ultimately, society are concerned? If there is anything in the idea of a working-class, a classless or unified culture, it will not be realised merely by teaching, but by the simple recognition that an enormous amount of new material is available to creative minds now. The author of *Roots* understood this. An artist can begin his practice from where he stands, even at the lowest and most culturally debased strata in society. He need not go to the lectures. From above the masses look spiritually and intellectually impoverished; but if he stops looking down and starts looking with, the artist sees they are often richer in emotion than he is and have every capacity to satisfy the impressive subject, if the right form for it is found, even if they *have* been brought up on ads and are glued to television. One had never heard, among the easier classes, that bridge and poker or even the vapidities of society were absolutely fatal to the understanding or practice of the arts; those who make or understand grow from where they are planted. Every artist has had to contend with the closed minds of cultivated people, as well as with popular vulgarity.

* *International Literary Annual*. Second Year. Edited by JOHN WAIN. *Calder*. 25s.

The only argument for a unified culture that impresses me is that it could make more life more accessible to the artists. Our culture has too many closed boxes. Commercial exploitation would be far less dangerous if our boxes did not exist. I also suggest that educating should not have the dominant place in our minds when we think of the arts and the people – important, but not dominant. One of the excuses one hears in Eastern Europe for the poverty of the arts is that 'we are educating the people', *i.e.*, training them in 'tendency', keeping from them the anarchy, the rebellion, the vital disturbance of the creative act.

Mr Wain's *Annual* contains several good things and I am sorry that all this talk of tendency has distracted me from them: in criticism G. S. Fraser on Iris Murdoch; Roy Harvey Pearce on Wallace Stevens; Mme Arban on Aragon; a portrait, grave and true in feeling, *The Angel in the Graveyard* by Jean Garrigue; and an excellent short story, *Genia*, by Michael Hamburger. It has no tendency – unless it is to show that cultured prigs are floored by the mystery of instinct.

V. S. PRITCHETT

O Billy, Do You Hear That Bell?

O Billy, do you hear that bell
  Speaking from the spire?
Has Willie Fell gone down the well
  Or is it *Fire, fire*?
And do you see a cinder star
  Sizzling in the sky,
And crazy Kings with burning wings
  Learning how to fly?

O sister, soft as any shawl
  The sharp snow winds the wire,
Pale as a pall the cattle trawl
  Their breath about the byre.
Now in the rare and eating air
  The bird chinks on the thorn,
And slowly through the holy blue
  The shepherd hauls his horn.

O father, is that cruel cry
  Coming from the mire
A Wise Man lost in the world's frost
  Or is it only Squire?
And when the alleluia boys
  Drum their December din,
Why do you call the constable
  That he may lock them in?

O mother, who will find the flock
  And harness up the shire,
And who will lock the weather-clock
  If winter does not tire?
O who will ship a farthing dip
  Upon the drifting day,
And seize a spark from heaven's dark
  To burn the night away?

O Billy, will you wag the word
  From off your freezing tongue,
Nor hire the hearse or district nurse
  Because I am so young?
And shall we push the business on
  And do the best we can
To cut free from the Christmas tree
  The hanging, holy man?

CHARLES CAUSLEY

A Lesson in Humility

Africa. By EMIL SCHULTHESS. *Collins.* 6 *gns.*

I remember once in Kenya driving down towards the edge of Lake Naivasha in the late afternoon and suddenly seeing the whole fringe of the lake move and lift into a pink cloud of flamingoes, thousands of them, against the blue sky. Equally I remember on countless evenings driving across the high veldt, beneath that enormous stretch of empty sky as the sun was setting. There would be a cloud of red dust (I can smell it now!) and the grass of winter would stretch away on either side, an infinite copper-gold sea with its own outcrop of rocks above the waves. And I remember, once, standing by the Tsitsa river in Pondoland and watching a young African boy in profile, the river at his feet, the mountains a back-cloth, and again the over-arching, endless sky with thunderclouds forming.

But how pathetically inadequate is any attempt at describing those moments which, to any who know the African scene, are always present in the dream or phantasy of exile. The marvellous thing about Emil Schulthess's book of photographs is the way in which it catches and holds such moments. I cannot believe that any *truer* pictures of Africa have ever been taken or are likely to be taken for many a year. To open the book anywhere is to recognise the Africa one knows – even when, in fact, it may be the very remote Africa of French or Belgian Congo. This must be because the photographer has achieved that most difficult capture, the exact truth of the moment; the complete atmosphere of the place; the perfect expression whether animal or human which the picture demands. I am no expert on photography and I cannot pretend to know whether the composition of any one photograph is as good as it might be. I only know that in these photographs it does not matter whether the subject is a lonely road, or a pygmy archer or 'The King of the Beasts and his Queen' – each is satisfying because, in looking at it, you know it to be reality.

But, apart from the unquestionable brilliance of the photographs themselves, there are other, massive reasons why this book is worth every penny of the six guineas it costs. In the first place it brings home most astonishingly that truth which all of us who are striving to express the meaning of African events today *feel*, but cannot easily convey: the truth of the unity of the African continent. The greatest land-mass on earth, from the Mediterranean to the southernmost crag of the Cape of Good Hope, is one continent not merely by virtue of its formation but by virtue of its power to take hold of and influence and shape its peoples. This is not to say that the peoples shown in Schulthess's pictures are conscious of their kinship and affinity: nor is it to minimise the marvellous differences, both physical and cultural, which are here so evident. But it is to state without qualification that Africa has a quality which is swiftly discernible as belonging to her alone, and which the European in Nairobi or Johannesburg or Brazzaville cannot destroy and cannot even modify for very long.

Secondly, this book brings home the vastness of Africa and the way in which this vastness makes her, so to say, contemptuous of much that passes for civilisation in the West. So that, although it would have been interesting to see more photographs of urban life than here appear, it might well have been a mistake to attempt this. To those who will buy this book it is more important to show the grandeur of Africa and her peoples than it is to show at any great length the achievements of Western culture and of Western economic exploitation. The most urgent lesson that the white man must learn from Africa is the lesson of humility. He has not much time left, and anything which will help him is greatly to be desired. And then, finally, it is not only the unity or the vastness, it is the *richness* of Africa that these glorious photographs proclaim. And, thank Heaven, it is a richness totally independent of gold or diamonds or uranium. It is a richness of natural beauty, of fantastic variety of life, of cultural patterns which we have forgotten could exist (because, being primitive, they are so true).

Africa, like some great giant awakening out of centuries of slumber, stretches her limbs in the sun, stands up and looks at the dawn. It is the dawn of her own day she is looking at. We in the West, preoccupied with the past and with the problems of our complicated present, have almost forgotten what that kind of dawn can be. We no longer expect to see the dew on the grass. But Africa sees it now. And Emil Schulthess gives us her eyes.

TREVOR HUDDLESTON, CR

Greek Art

A Handbook of Greek Art. By GISELA M. A. RICHTER. *Phaidon: Skira.* 37*s.* 6*d.*

Greek Painting. By MARTIN ROBERTSON. *Zwemmer.* 155*s.*

A handbook of Greek art? The longest chapter, filling a third of the book, is the one on 'Larger Works of Sculpture': there are 200 illustrations to it; sixty are of Roman copies. Referring to such copies, Miss Richter concludes the chapter thus:

> Whatever one may think of these reproductions – and they vary in quality, some being mediocre, others excellent, depending on the final finish imparted by the sculptor – it is well to remember that were it not for these copies and adaptations our knowledge of Greek sculpture would be meagre indeed; for the majority of Greek originals, be they marble or bronze, have disappeared in the lime kiln and melting pot.

But the majority of all the world's art has disappeared, from the wood-carvings of Africa to the tragedies of Sophocles. What is remarkable about Greek sculpture is not how much of it has been lost but rather how many masterpieces have survived. One would suppose that the first duty of any survey of its development was to give due attention, in both text and illustrations, to this marvellous body of work. Miss Richter appears to think otherwise. The superb sculptures of lions of the late seventh and early sixth centuries, several of which, both free-standing and pedimental, are extant and in fair condition, rate only passing mentions and not a single illustration. The sculptures from the temple of Zeus at Olympia, whose tragic sublimity has justly been likened to that of Aeschylus, get four badly-chosen illustrations and fourteen lines of text:

> The pediments and metopes from the temple of Zeus at Olympia are among the most important examples of architectural sculptures that have survived. They furnish not only a number of single statues in various stances, but are well enough preserved to show the compositional schemes. . . . The whole forms a subtly interrelated design.
>
> In the metopes there is a similar juxtaposition of quiet and animated scenes. . . .

Where the dots come in the quotation there are simple catalogues of the subject matter. This is all Miss Richter has to say about an ensemble

which is not only one of the greatest but one of the most extensive and complex relics of antiquity. What one objects to is not that she has omitted to provide purple interpretative passages: scholars are entitled to feel that this sort of thing is best left to the poets. What is deplorable is her failure to so much as indicate the many questions of style raised by this ensemble, both in relation to the general development of sculpture in Greece and regarding its internal variations of style. It is true that in this handbook she is short of space. But what space she has is used with no sense of proportion. Much of it is wasted on describing the poses of sculptures reproduced in front of our eyes – as if she had forgotten that the text was to be illustrated. And the pressure on space, both for text and illustrations, becomes much less evident when she gets among works known to us through Roman copies and the writings of Pliny: shortage of space doesn't deter her from reproducing a Roman copy of a Greek original (one of the Icaryatids from the Erechtheion) which is extant.

Her devotion to Rome is exemplified in her argument that we can get a better idea of the style of Lysippos from the Roman copy of the Apoxyomenos than from the marble Agias at Delphi which there is good reason to believe is a contemporary copy of a Lysippos bronze. Her reasons are that 'in the fourth century B.C. faithful copies were not yet current' and that 'the Agias does not bear out Pliny's description of Lysippos' style, as does the Apoxyomenos. But a contemporary copy can afford to be somewhat free, doesn't need to be rigorously 'faithful' to preserve the style and spirit of the original. And if there is a correspondence between Pliny's view of Lysippos and a Roman copyist's view of Lysippos, could this not be because Pliny and the Roman copyist were seeing Lysippos from the same viewpoint? Here as elsewhere it appears that Miss Richter would rather look at Greek art through Pliny's eyes than through her own.

Professor Robertson's text, which of course is mainly concerned with vase painting, is a thoroughly informative and readable survey. It is the sort of text which one would normally expect to find illustrated with several hundred reproductions in black and white. But this is a Skira book: consequently, the illustrations are all in colour, there are only a hundred of them, their quality is superb, and the book costs a lot of money. Unfortunately, as applied to this particular subject, the Skira approach is self-defeating. The very fact that the reproductions are so good that, when they present a detail of a painting in more or less its natural size, they are not so much illustrations as facsimiles, but at the same time are not, being flat images, facsimiles in the respect that matters most – all this only serves to emphasise how much the point of these paintings depends upon their being on a curved surface. So that if we are going to spend nearly eight pounds on taking home some reminder of Greek vases, we would do better to spend it on the real thing: to possess even the third-rate pot or the bits and pieces we could get for this sort of money would be likely to give a closer understanding of the art as well as greater pleasure.

DAVID SYLVESTER

Roger North on Music, edited by John Wilson, is a collection of North's essays, mostly unpublished, and written between 1695 and 1728 (Allen & Unwin: Novello, 45s.). Examples of music from the Middle Ages to 1734, each introduced by Carl Parrish, make up *A Treasury of Early Music* (Faber, 30s.). There is a reprint, in an enlarged edition, of *The Unashamed Accompanist* by Gerald Moore (Methuen, 10s. 6d.).

Gnostic Sayings

The Gospel According to Thomas. Translated by A. GUILLAUMONT, H.-CH. PUECH, G. QUISPEL, W. TILL and YASSAH' ABD AL MASIH. *Collins:* E. J. BRILL, LEIDEN. 18s.

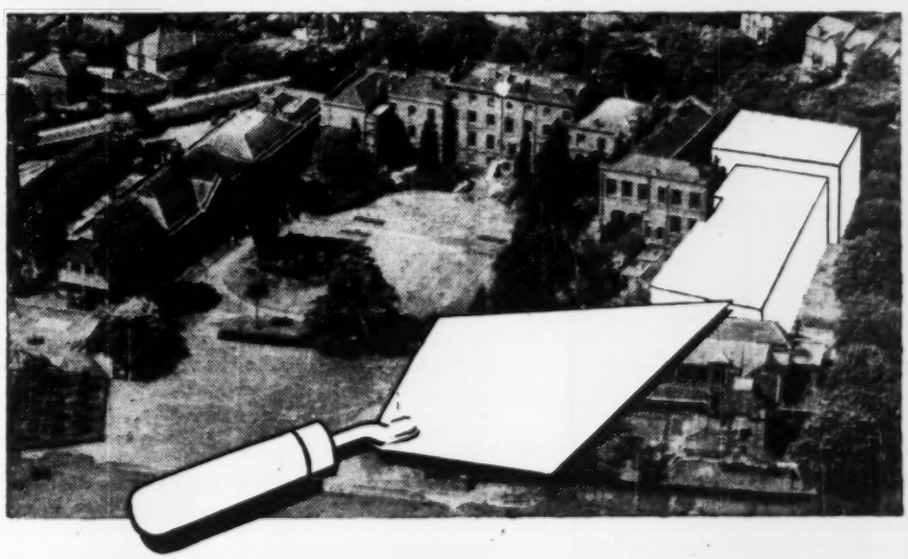
About fourteen years ago some Egyptian farmers found, near the village of Nag-Hamâdi in Upper Egypt, a vessel containing thirteen papyrus manuscripts, comprising nearly fifty works, the library of a Gnostic community of the fifth century A.D. At first they were in private hands. One, the Jung Codex, reached Zürich and was published in 1956. The others are now in the Coptic Museum in Old Cairo, to be edited for publication by an international committee. This find, it is said, is as important as that of the Dead Sea Scrolls, and to meet public interest one of them, *The Gospel According to Thomas*, is now published, in Coptic text and translation, without commentary. The preface merely says – without supporting evidence – that the manuscript was written about A.D. 400, as a translation or adaptation of a Greek work of about A.D. 140, itself based on earlier sources.

Of course, if a new gospel, or biography of Jesus, could now be found, to add to the canonical and apocryphal gospels already known, it would be an exciting event. This has not happened. The book is a collection of 114 *logia*, or sayings of Jesus, and we already have part of it in Greek, in the Oxyrhynchos papyri, fragments found in Egypt in 1897 and 1903. About half the sayings are recorded in our New Testament, in variant forms, and much of the material comes from the apocryphal gospels according to the Hebrews and the Egyptians. The work is not by the apostle Thomas.

It is a Gnostic work, *i.e.*, it is concerned with secret spiritual knowledge, obtained by asceticism. We read:

> Jesus said: Whoever has known the world has found a corpse . . . . Many are standing at the door, but the solitary are the ones who will enter the bridal chamber. . . . Whoever knows the All but fails to know himself lacks everything . . . . Within a man of light there is light and he lights the whole world . . . . I am the Light that is above them all, I am the All, the All came forth from me and the All attained to me. Cleave a piece of wood, I am there; lift up the stone and you will find me there.

Fasting, giving alms and even prayer are deprecated, in comparison with right knowledge.



We had to rebuild . . .

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS APPEAL FOR HELP WITH OUR REBUILDING

In order to cut down running costs as far as humanly possible, and continue the work for which this Society has existed for over 100 years, we have had to centralise our activities. Apart from the "Arethusa," all our boys are now being cared for at Twickenham.

To do this, new buildings, two of which are outlined on the aerial view above of Fortescue House, were immediately necessary to accommodate a further 250 boys. Please help us with a specially generous donation to meet the heavy initial expense entailed. Our work is still vitally necessary, not only so that we may keep faith with the 800 or so already in our care, but so that we may be able to offer homes and friendship to other unfortunate children in the future. We are neither nationalised nor subsidised; your aid will help us face the future with renewed confidence.

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There are two new parables, about a woman carrying a jar of meal and a man flourishing a sword; and a few new sayings which sound authentic. But it is interesting to see familiar sayings from the New Testament in a Gnostic context. Perhaps our New Testament gospels are more western in tone than we realised. We know that Mark, on whom Matthew and Luke are dependent, saw Jesus through the eyes of Paul; how much distortion from the original does that imply? John's picture is different, in fact more Gnostic; it has been assumed that it took many years for Mark's picture to develop into John's. But the Dead Sea Scrolls have convinced us that John's world of thought also is primitive. This newly discovered work tempts us to think that a Gnostic picture of Jesus, based on the same life and sayings, was an equally early possibility, perhaps even that there was a Gnostic element in the teaching of Jesus himself, which the Hellenistic gospel-writers filtered out.

H. L. SHORT

Verse and Drama

The Third Voice. By DENIS DONOGHUE. *Oxford, Princeton.* 30*s.*

In England the title is ambiguous, but Mr Donoghue's third voice is that defined by Eliot, when the poet is saying 'not what he would say in his own person, but only what he can say within the limits of one imaginary character addressing another imaginary character'. It is difficult to imagine a worse starting-point for any study of drama, for such a definition at once directs attention away from the play as a whole work towards one element of its process – the dialogue; and further, it underwrites the dull naturalist conception of dramatic speech as limited to people talking to each other, when in fact much of the best dramatic speech, from Sophocles and Shakespeare to Brecht, is essentially speech to an audience. Once we get past the title, however, we find an interesting and intelligent book: a series of studies of modern British and American verse plays, and four general chapters of relevant dramatic theory.

The general chapters are on the whole the best. Two of them – on the meanings of 'poetic drama', 'verse drama' and 'prose drama', and on the uses of verse in drama generally – are little more than clearing operations, with a liberal employment of summary and quotation, but they are certainly useful. A chapter 'on speaking the verse' is excellent: the most detailed and helpful account of this problem that I have read. The last chapter, offering a distinction between 'theatre poetry' and 'dramatic verse', is sane and convincing. The concluding definition of the essential characteristics of dramatic verse is worth quoting:

> that the language is generative, answering to a pressure *forward* (which is in the movement of the acts imitated) towards the fulfilment of the play's 'theoretic form'; that it is continuously agile in miming the speaker's 'movements of the psyche'; that it compels primary attention to the mind speaking rather than to the language being spoken; and that its sharpest focus is directed on the minutiæ of changing relationships within the play.

So long as we understand 'relationships' as referring to the whole experience, as well as to relationships between characters, this seems to me a very accurate description.

On particular plays and dramatists, I do not find Mr Donoghue a compelling critic, though he is always perceptive and careful. The only really convincing chapter, to my mind, is that on Christopher Fry, but the substance of this judgment has been in print, on both sides of the Atlantic, for seven or eight years. There is a run of six chapters on Eliot, and the best is again technical, on Eliot's verse line. Many of the points on the plays are good, but I should be much happier about English drama if I could agree with Mr Donoghue that *'The Family Reunion* is *Eliot's Love's Labour's Lost; The Confidential Clerk* is his *Antony and Cleopatra*'. This is said as part of a theory of development from the artificial to the colloquial, and is therefore not the nonsense it looks in isolated quotation. But I shall need much more substance than Mr Donoghue provides to believe that *The Confidential Clerk* is a valuable development to or from anything. However, the case as offered should be read.

Probably the most interesting parts of Mr Donoghue's book to the general reader on this side of the Atlantic, will be his accounts of several American verse plays: particularly Wallace Stevens's *Three Travellers Watch a Sunrise,* Eberhart's *The Apparition* and *The Visionary Forms* and MacLeish's *This Music Crept By Me On the Water* and *J.B.* It is extremely useful to have these studied in the same book as Eliot, Yeats, Auden and Fry, and so to get a much wider view of the resources of dramatic verse in English than is ever ordinarily available. It is to a clearer understanding of just this kind of question that Mr Donoghue's gifts as a technical critic can best contribute. And it would be an excellent result of this book if some performances of all these plays could be included among our many and varied cultural imports from America.

Obviously, of course, verse drama is now, if only temporarily, a very marginal achievement. Its replacement, as the new fashion, by a kind of play best described as drama on a hot tin roof, is with us and has to be lived. If the choice of direction is between *The Elder Statesman* and *The World of Paul Slickey,* English drama has no important or even interesting future. But from the rediscovery of some of our own life, from the body of theory and experiment beyond naturalism, and from the really commanding example of Brecht, a new tradition may yet be composed.

RAYMOND WILLIAMS

The Personal Landscape

Children in the Close. By GERALDINE SYMONS. *Batsford.* 18*s.*

The Owl of Minerva. By GUSTAV REGLER. Trans. NORMAN DENNY. *Hart-Davis.* 30*s.*

The Ante-Room. By LOVAT DICKSON. *Macmillan.* 21*s.*

Geraldine Symons was brought up in the shelter of servants and walled gardens and the Close of Salisbury Cathedral. She did have a few glimpses of outer darkness – her father's death, Christmas visits to the workhouse, the coachman who fed his wife and five children on 9s. 6d. a week – but they were rare. The keynote of her childhood memories is the pleasant clatter of teacups in the nursery, and she is concerned with the external minutiæ of a Golden Age rather than the child's inner, imaginative life.

Out of these Edwardian dream-days Gustav Regler wrenches us into the tormented life of Continental, Political Man. His autobiography is a rather blurred stencil of an immense welter of events. The causal nexus between many of the events, and often his own motives, he leaves unexplained, and one finds this surprising. For even after they have lost their faith ex-Communists usually preserve their habit of logical analysis – but then Regler was a most surprising Communist. He came out of the First War with an Iron Cross and traumatic aphasia and soon found himself, for no good reason, in the anti-Spartacist forces. He ran with the capitalist wolf-pack as the son-in-law of a chain-store tycoon in Leipzig, but the immediate cause of his leaving it was the ruin of his marriage. He joined the CP and worked in his native Saar during the plebiscite, rubbed shoulders with Malraux and Ehrenburg and Pasternak at writers' congresses, went to Russia, left during the purges, after many months as a state guest, to become a Political Commissar in the International Brigade in Spain. Yet his convictions, like his descriptions of the neurotic jungle of post-war Germany, were always confused. Even when he was writing a chapter of the Brown Book, from time to time he went to burn a candle in Notre Dame. Nor was his break with the Party clear-cut – it began in a French internment camp, at least overtly, and was completed in Mexico; about his last seventeen years he is reticent.

Famous names abound in his pages – Hemingway and Koestler, Radek, Bukharin and Dimitrov – and there are a number of significant, memorable incidents, such as Radek beating his breast in an hysterical outburst at a Moscow banquet. But these are like brief flashes of light over a vast, darkened intellectual steppe; for while Regler has lost the political faith which was the mainspring of his early life, one does not feel that he has gained a deep insight into himself as compensation.

Lovat Dickson, too, has known plenty of up-

The Foreign Secretary

Photo: Elliott and Fry

THE RT. HON. SELWYN LLOYD, C.B.E. T.D., Q.C. M.P.

writes: "I commend to you this Special Appeal for the Methodist Homes for the Aged. There are now 400 old people in 14 Homes throughout England and Wales and there are over 700 people on the waiting-list. In the next three or four years £250,000 is wanted for extensions and for new homes. That will make room for some 150 more. This is not a large target when we consider how good is the cause, and how much happiness and freedom from anxiety will be brought to those who have borne the heat and burden of the day. 'Now also when I am old and grey-headed, O Lord, forsake me not.' "

THIS CHRISTMAS—PLEASE SEND A SPECIAL GIFT FOR

METHODIST HOMES FOR THE AGED

General Secretary: REV. R. J. CONNELL, B.A., B.D.,

1, Central Buildings, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

heavals, but his have been personal rather than political. His father was a mining engineer with 200 years of colonial emigration in his veins, and until he was sixteen the author was lapped in as much security as Miss Symons, though often under different suns. Then came the crash. His father had to take a minor post in Canada, his mother died of cancer, and the family silently disintegrated. For Lovat Dickson there followed a succession of jobs – as a driller's mate in the St Lawrence shipyards, a farmer's drudge in Ontario, a government clerk, a film salesman, a coal-miner – which made him think himself a failure. All this before he was twenty – it's no wonder he developed heart trouble. He only turned the corner when he founded a newspaper in the mining-town of Brule. He had to abandon it when he disagreed with the Company's trade union policy, but it was the beginning of his real career. After four grinding, exhilarating years of discovering literature he became a Fellow of the University of Alberta. Yet still he wasn't satisfied, and we leave him in mid-Channel, returning to England, and in some doubt as to whether or not he is to be assistant editor of *The English Review*.

So there's more to come, one hopes, for *The Ante-Room* is a most attractive and durable piece of work. And don't be put off by the blurb description of the author as 'Of Canadian United Empire Loyalist extraction'. It indicates family pride in an historical context, no doubt, but on the evidence of this book it doesn't have any of the current political implications.

PHILIP ROBINSON

The Year of Trafalgar

England Expects. By DUDLEY POPE. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson. 25s.*

Too many fat books about Nelson and the battle of Trafalgar are already ranged along the shelf to leave much space for a newcomer: but Mr Pope intends to squeeze his way in by a lavish display of his own technical knowledge and experience of sailing ships, by describing the actual four and a half hours fighting on 21 October 1805 in the greatest possible detail, and by a rich and uninhibited narrative style.

> Two hoists of flags quivered in the morning wind as they streamed out from the signal halyards at the yardarm and mizen-mast-head of the 38-gun frigate *Euryalus* which was, on this stormy October day in 1805, serving as the flagship of Cuthbert Collingwood, Vice-Admiral of the Blue.

This is the opening paragraph and gives fair warning to the reader of the breezy weather ahead.

Mr Pope does not waste much time over the preliminaries to the Great Days. His view of the martial scene in 1805 is the accepted British version: France crouching to spring from her Channel ports, England stolidly building Martello towers and trusting in her hearts of oak. Napoleon is represented as the incompetent landsman dabbling out of his element, trying to order squadrons of ships about as if they were squadrons of cavalry; Villeneuve as the conscientious plodder, always out-manœuvred by the brilliant genius Nelson.

The battle of Trafalgar rages for nearly half the book. Almost every survivor who could put pen to paper seems to have left some record of his awful experiences on that terrible day. Besides those already printed Mr Pope has managed to get access to previously unpublished material, from families whose ancestors fought there, including the moving last letter to his wife from Captain Duff who was killed in the action. Mr Pope also makes full use of the time-table by Rear-Admiral Taylor, who has worked out the movements of each individual British ship and the enemy ships it engaged, with a profusion of helpful diagrams. But, to a lay reader at any rate, the fog of battle never really lifts. In the heat of action men are too afraid of death to remember the sequence of events reliably; and on that day there was too much smoke, too little wind and far too much death for clarity of vision or memory. The Combined Fleet had the better ships, more guns and just as brave men aboard. Why did they not win? One has only to look at the casualty lists to see that it was trained gunfire that won the battle of Trafalgar – for each man they lost the British gunners killed four of their enemies.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Week-end Competition

No. 1,557 **Set by Naomi Lewis**

Prizes are offered for a short story in exactly 100 words entitled *January*. Entries by 5 January.

Result of No. 1,554 **Set by Buzfuz**

Competitors are asked to provide an extract from the book of words of a pantomime for an Intellectual Child. A lyric could be included. Limit, 25 lines (8 words of prose to the line).

Report

The intellectuals had it better than the children. A number of the competitors used the panto simply as an excuse to write low-minded jingles on high-minded themes. Still more got off to good starts and then faded away: for example, D. K. Dickie's

> Boys and girls come out to play
> The Sputnik shines as bright as day,
> Leave your analyst's snug retreat
> And bring your neuroses out into the street.

So, too, R. Kennard Davis's stage directions for *Ivan and the Beanstalk:*

> Ivan, imprisoned by the Demon Capitalism, is released by the Fairy Dialetical Materialism, with her two attendant sprites, Marx and Lenin. She bids Ivan plant the Beanstalk (Dictatorship of the Proletariat) by which to climb to the Moon (Communist Prosperity).

The best endings were inspired by Dick Whittington: 'Bring back the cat' (David de Saxe) and 'Turn again, Wittgenstein' (C. W. V. Wordsworth). Lyndon Irving's Demon Tory had a lively couplet:

> I bring you pools, M1 and Coca-Cola,
> I ask but Suez, phonetaps and a Hola.

Stanley J. Sharpless's intellectual Cinderella, worried by the 11-plus, was in the right spirit:

> For, 'spite of father's belly-laughs,
> I've set my heart upon North Staffs.

L. G. Udall's Supermac brought out of his hamper:

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This pot of rather sharpish brew is
Made from Aftermath of Suez,
A packet here of Hola Tea
And Cyprus Honeyed Sovreignty.

First prize of three guineas to H. A. C. Evans; two guineas to Gloria Prince and one guinea each to Allan M. Laing and James S. Fidgen. Runners-up: Trooper Jones, Doris Pulsford, P. W. R. Foot, W. G. Daish and T.O.M.

GOOD EGO AND EVIL ID

EGO:
Good Ego I now happily am rid
Forever, as I hope, of evil Id.
For Id in bondage rigorous is held,
His wicked plans concluded, crushed and quelled.
Subconscious in his dungeon. Nevermore
Will he escape, for Censor guards the door.
And so I leave this Forest of the Night
To seek the Land of Happiness and Light.

LIBIDO (*appearing from below*):
Ha! Ha! you stupid Ego, I am here
With news to fill your foolish heart with fear.
I am Libido; with my help today
Has Id escaped, and now is on his way.
And see the Ugly Sisters of my rout,
Who only me obey, and Censor flout.
(*Neurosis and Psychosis enter*)

NEU. AND PSY.:
We are sisters wild and headstrong
Hearken as we chant our dread song.

NEU.:
I am terrible Neurosis

PSY.:
I am yet more dire psychosis

NEU. AND PSY.:
Allies both of foul Phantasma
From subliminal miasma.

EGO:
Alas, where shall I turn? My doom has come.

(*Enter Catharsis*)

CATH.:
Stay! I, Catharsis, am their sister too,
But I am kind and well-disposed to you.
By my relaxing arts I'll make my bid
To save you from the threat of evil Id.

H. A. C. EVANS

Night. Palms. A lonely beach. Stone jail, with barred window, right. Beyond, lagoon creaming gently in the starlight. Enter Governor Crusoe, followed by two jackbooted henchmen dragging Man Friday by the ankles. They throw him brutally into the jail, slam the door and march off whistling 'Rule Britannia'. Black fingers grip the bars and Man Friday's face appears at the window. Wistfully he watches a red sputnik sliding across the dark sky. Sings.

Dere'll come a time when de folk's all brudders,
When de sight of a white don' give a black man shudders,
When we ain' no laffin'-stock an' jobs absorb us,
When dere may be Li'l Rock, but ain' no Faubus.

Ah'm sick o' 'poor Man Friday'—
Can't yuh hear dat li'l moon?
It says it may be *my* day
Soon.

Dere'll come a time when de world'll need us,
When de whites don' overwork an' underfeed us,
When de cops won' strike us nor de boss won' shove us,
When de white men like us an' de white gals love us.

Ah'm gonna be Man Pay-day—
Jest yuh watch dat li'l moon!
It's gonna be ma heyday
Soon.

GLORIA PRINCE

ANTI-PAPA
or, The Forty Angry Young Men

1st AYM (*speaking from one of 40 tubs in a Bloomsbury boarding house backyard*):
Five fathers have I slain in verbal combat:
If this were cricket they would call me some bat.

2nd AYM (*from another tub*):
It's true, yet it is strange, I must confess,
They still fill columns in the TLS;
And in the journals of the paying sort
Still of our best proceedings make dull sport.
Tell me, when in your angry words they drown,
And they are dead, why will they not lie down?

1st AYM (*gloomily*):
Aye, there's the rub! Such conduct's most unfair
And makes one tear one's still abundant hair.
Good brothers in your tubs, with hearts aflame,
List while I turn a ditty on the same.

(*Croons*)
Old men, old men, with scalps a-shine,
What makes you take this shocking line?
Once and again, in vain, in vain,
We've opened wide your mortal vein,
But up you get, you tedious slobs,
And coolly pinch the time's best jobs.
Heirs of the age, we rage, and rage
To see you prancing on life's stage:
You've had your day, yield up the crown!
Since you are dead, lie down, lie down!

ALLAN M. LAING

BABE IN THE WOOD

Lolita—a teen-age nymphet in love with
Percy Flage—an Angry Young Writer (angry because he's never hit print).
Dame Nabokov—Lolita's impecunious but aesthetic mummy who takes in typing.
Miss Zen—Lolita's Fairy Godmother.
Hyde-Bound—The Demon Publisher.

ACT 1

(*Outside a publisher's palatial office*)

CHORUS OF HACKS:
O, we have all come up to Town
With novels ready for the press.
We're sure they will not let us down—
Our work once bound's bound to impress
And fame and fortune will be ours.
We'll build ourselves such cosy bowers:
Our lives will be all golden hours
And we'll be heading for success.

LOLITA (*sporting a startling hairdo as only young girls dare do*):
Oh where can Percy be, my darling boy?

DAME:
He's hidden midst this writing hoi polloi.

LOLITA:
I'm sure he can't be very far.
Let's wait in some expresso bar
And calm our anxious consternation
With stimulating conversation.
His brand new beatnik novel's forced to score . . .

DAME:
If he could just get through yon fast-shut door!
(*As she speaks the door opens and the Demon Publisher appears in a green lime, countless rejection slips dropping from his capacious pockets. He beckons to Lolita, brandishing a blank cheque. She rushes in. The door slams behind her.*)
Oh dear she's gone inside, she didn't oughter.
Oh what will happen to my darling daughter?
I'll run and fetch the good Miss Zen
Who has the gen on these bad men
But children e'er I go for she
I wonder would you sing for me.
A song-sheet will appear for you
And I'll divide you into two
And if you do not mind this schism,
We'll sing of Dialectical Materialism. . . .

JAMES S. FIDGEN

City Lights

Christmas Shopping

The nation's small shopkeepers have been busy during the past couple of weeks – too busy, probably, to give much thought to the implications of the struggle for control of Crosse & Blackwell, too busy, almost certainly, to notice reports that the government is seriously considering the possibility of doing away with resale price maintenance. The inhabitants of the island of St Jacques, similarly, were too busy dancing to notice that the volcano was making unfamiliar noises.

* * *

It is not difficult to see the government's point of view. Mr Amory and his boys are determined to keep retail prices stable at a time when import prices are rising and when the natural sluggishness of the British businessman's urge to expand makes it undesirable to experiment with credit squeezing. They have tried pleading with manufacturers to cut prices without much success; the alternative is to encourage the price-cutting fashion and slash distributors' margins. There is plenty of room, often enough, for slashing these margins, and individual resale price maintenance was made legally enforceable for the first time in 1956 only for the sake of getting the other provisions of the Restrictive Trade Practices Act accepted: why, then, not get rid of it? If Mr Amory goes ahead with his brainwave and finds the courage needed to push it through into practice, the nation's shops are going to take on a new and not necessarily nicer appearance. It is not easy to foresee the final results of so drastic a change, but it would be reasonable to expect a great many small shopkeepers to be driven out of business and their place taken by the glossy multiples. The multiples, of course, once the price-cutting was over, would restore their own margins to a comfortable size, but they would be able – as the small shopkeeper is not – to squeeze the margins of the manufacturer.

* * *

Mr Sandys has all but succeeded in his object of boiling down the aircraft industry to two groups by Christmas. Hawker Siddeley, after swallowing Folland and Blackburn, is now to swallow de Havilland and become the largest aircraft manufacturer in the Commonwealth. English Electric and Vickers, the two other large manufacturers, have been having talks about the possibility of pooling their aircraft interests. The two large groups are already there, and it can be only a matter of time before the remnants – Bristol, Fairey, Shorts, Handley Page and Westland – join one or the other. The pattern is complicated. Hawker already has links with Bristol in manufacturing engines; it will now, through de Havilland, have a sizeable investment interest in Westland and will be associated with Fairey and Hunting in a company which is to build an airliner for BEA. Hawker's managing director, stating that he was unlikely to bid for Bristol, Fairey or Hunting, said: 'My chairman told me yesterday that I had finished my Christmas shopping'; but he refused to comment on what might happen in the New Year. Christmas, after all, is the time for financial rationalisation and for a 50 per cent. increase in the de Havilland share price. It is in the New Year that the real rationalisation will come – the decisions about which models are to be abandoned, which factories closed, which men sacked.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 528. Noah Before The Flood

I am not referring to that pious escapist who sailed the ark but to Dr Joseph Noah (1856-1903) who used to play the Nimzo-Indian long before our text books were flooded with a deluge of variations in that popular defence. In the Frankfurt Tournament of 1887 the Doctor played it against Englisch and Blackburne; whereupon Zukertort, after (1) P-Q4, Kt-KB3; (2) P-QB4, P-K3, cautiously continued (3) P-QR3, thereby paying the Nimzo-Indian the first of many compliments to come. I hope that young Nimzowitsch duly appreciated the honour, he was almost two years of age at the time. What I know about Dr Noah's spade-work I learned from Hans Kmoch's *Pawn Power in Chess*, published by *G. Bell* at 37s. 6d. This is the Anglo-American edition of the author's *Kunst der Bauernführung* which I reviewed at length when it appeared a few years ago. The present work, though, is rather more than a mere translation, it is an amended version, improved in some ways; and while the author is still as enamoured as ever with his quaint terminology of 'duos,' 'rams,' 'spans,' 'levers' (and all sorts of them too), there is no denying that the solid core of the book with its lucid explanations of P & B, P & Kt and P & R relations makes it practically a standard work. In the final part, 'Pawn power in the game', some considerable space is, inevitably, devoted to the Benoni formations, and there are a good many well selected and annotated games from recent master practice to illustrate and elucidate the author's theories. He seems to like telling stories against himself, and having picked a loss against Alekhine for the only Kmoch-game in the original edition he's done it again in the present volume. It's a different game, though, one in which Kmoch (White) did have a well-deserved advantage. He messed it up in the end, but let's see.

(1) P-Q4, P-QB4; (2) P-Q5, P-K4; (3) P-K4, P-Q3; (4) B-Q3, P-QR3; (5) P-QR4, Kt-K2; (6) Kt-K2, Kt-Kt3; (7) Kt-R3, B-K2; (8) Kt-QB4, O-O; (9) O-O, Kt-Q2; (10) B-Q2, P-Kt3; (11) P-QB3, R-Kt1; (12) P-QKt4 [' Strong lever-action ' comments Kmoch in his very own vernacular], Kt-B3; (13) P x P, KtP x P; (14) R-Kt1, B-Q2; (15) Q-B2, Q-B2; (16) Q-R2, Kt-R4; (17) P-Kt3, B-R6; (18) R x R, R x R; (19) R-Kt1, R x R ch; (20) B x R! [Q xR? would be encountered by . . . Q-Q2!], B-Kt5; (21) K-B1, Kt-B3; (22) Kt-Kt1, P-KR4; (23) Q-Kt3, Q-B1; (24) K-K1 [Kmoch planned to get his K out of harm's way at QR3, thereby facilitating Q-&Kt penetration at QKt6], P-R5; (25) B-Q3, B-Q2; (26) P-B3, Kt-R4; (27) Kt-K2, P x P; (28) P x P,B-K1; (29) K-Q1, K-B1; (30) P-Kt4, Kt(4)-B5; (31) Kt x Kt, P x Kt; (32) K-B2, Q-Q1; (33) Kt-Kt6 [Here, under considerable time pressure, White ' senselessly ' (as Kmoch puts it) diverged from his sound original plan of K-Kt2-R3], Kt-K4!; (34) B x RP?? [To give up the KBP was disastrous, by (34) B-K2 White would have retained an even game, though no longer the favourable one he had with his Kt at QB4] Kt x BP; (35) B x P, B-Kt4! (36) B-Kt3, Kt-Q7!; (37) Q-Kt2, Kt x P; (38) B-K1, Kt-B3; (39) B-K2, Q-K2; (40) K-Q1, Kt x QP!; and, what with Kt x Kt being ruled out by the killing B-check, White resigned.

A: H. Kmoch 1934

The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position in which White forced immediate resignation by one strong move. Both **B** and **C** are wins and shouldn't be too difficult for 6 and 7 ladder-points. By way of a helpful hint for **C** I will merely whisper the word 'under-promotion.' Usual prizes. Entries by January.

B: W. Vollmer 1938: /16/6k1/8/7R/4r2b/1B2Kt3/2K5/.

C: Hufendiek: /8/5p2/4pP1P/8/1p6/2PK4/pP2P3/k7/.

REPORT on No. 525. Set 5 December

A: (1) B-K6 ch, K-R2; (2) B-Kt8 ch, K-R1, (3) B-Kt3 ch, K-R2; (4) RxP ch, K-R1; (5) R-Kt8 ch, K-R2; (6) B-Kt8 ch, etc.

B: (1) B-R7, P—Q; (2) P—Kt ch!, K-Kt4; (3) R-Kt7 ch, K any; (4) P—Q, RxQ stalemate.

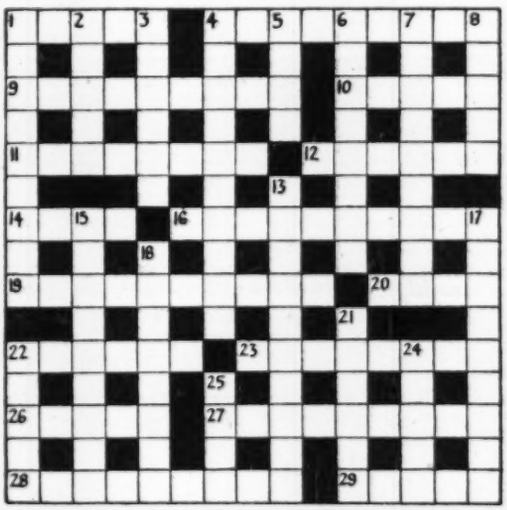
C: (1) K-Kt5, P-Kt7; (2) B-B6!, PxB ch; (3) K-R6, P—Q; (4) P-R5, B-Q3!; (5) PxB, Q-Kt1. (6) P-Q7, Q-QKt1; (7) R-B8, QxR; (8) P—Q ch, etc.

Plenty of correct solutions. Prizes: D. E. Cohen, G. A. Gantry, F. R. Oliver, C. Sansom, B. Silver. Many kind seasonal wishes are sincerely reciprocated.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 385

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 385, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 5 Jan.



ACROSS

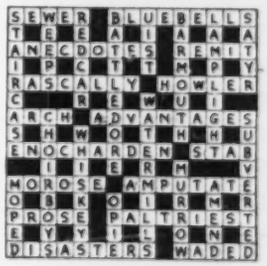
1. Invigorating finish to a kind of love (5).
4. Those who have butter etc. without a roll do not believe in freedom (9).
9. Aircraft with a sailor on flying away (9).
10. Novelist too short for the publisher's man (5)
11. To celebrate without wine is sensational (8).
12. Loop for a saint (6).
14. Book the native dancer has at heart (4).
16. Climbing equipment to be found in stolen pack (10).
19. Praised her broken appointment (10).
20. It is all right if the girl is after love (4).
22. The animal to live like a parasite (6).
23. Insinuation of a nude being mixed up in hotel love (8).
26. The last of the home games (5).
27. If someone creative left, the actor would grow pale (9).
28. Society women discover a girl in broken shoes (9).
29. Seasons finishing with a certain date in the month (5).

DOWN

1. The epoch declares a washing machine is such (9).
2. African among the tangerine growers (5).
3. Ballet man with a film magnate in his company (6).
4. The day is too long for the lonely (10).
5. Bob got up in clothes (4).
6. Less gear distributed in the distribution of gifts (8).
7. Singer who shows where to find the key for the shanty (9).
8. A rope for one man in the team (5).
13. Starts to ask for a turn (10).
15. Fish form a circle in what is used to catch fish (9).
17. Instrumental parts for important committees (9).
18. Sign of danger serious for an actor (8).
21. Put forward a case about a museum (6).
22. Where to put money on a hot animal (5).
24. 'Mad —— summer night' (Whitman) (5).
25. Animals to be found amid the most up-to-date (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 383



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 383

H. P. Knight (Worcester)
E. J. Roberts (Stafford)
Miss Bridget Min (London, W6)

PERSONAL

NEEDED immediately, small flat or part-house and/or work for young grad. wife abandoned (not morally!) with small baby. Requires part-time work, low rent, long tenancy, pref. share with young people, London or provinces. Box 1178.

WORLD Refugee Year. Free expert coaching in idiomatic English & pronunciation offd sm. group privately. HAM 4684. Box 1096

PRE-war Imperial Good Companion typewriter wanted privately. FITzroy 1240.

PHYSICS Coach required 'A' level, not cramming – natural, unblocking teacher essential. Phone FLAxman 7756.

ART Gallery. No promotion or hanging fees. Unknown painters accepted. Help any amateur you know who lacks confidence. Suggest writing: BCM/Gallery, London WC1.

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STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science Ltd, Chronicle House, Fleet St. EC4. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving details and fees for our Courses & Criticisms, and success letters from students.

FOREIGN girls, domest./willing avail. (1) 'au pair' (2) req. free board & lodg. in exch. 4 hrs help. (3) also paying sm. contrib. f. bd & lodg. and offer 2 hrs help. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7. KEN. 8806.

PERSONAL—continued

TO anthropologists and others: – an award of 50 gns is offered – by anonymous rationalist – for the most vigorously effective essay (2,000 words) designed to achieve belated recognition of supernaturalism as a natural phenomenon – a fundamental part of the evolutionary growth of human understanding at young child levels now outgrown. Entries up to 31 January to Box 804.

YAS Mina Orphanage near Tunis. 100 Algerian Refugee Orphans sheltered. Ages 8-13. They have been eating earth to allay hunger pains. We need help. It costs £2,500 a year to run home. Your gift, large or small, will be welcomed by the Treasurer, Rt Hon. Hilary Marquand, DSc, MP, War on Want, 9 Madeley Rd, Ealing, W5.

LETTICE Ramsey, Photographer. Please arrange London apmts through Ramsey & Muspratt, P.O. Terrace, Cambridge 4633.

COLLET'S – Specialists in Gramophone Records of Russian & Soviet Artists and Folk Music. Catalogues from 70 New Oxford St, WC1. MUS. 5224.

DID you know? A portable typewriter of world-famous make – Olympia, Olivetti or Imperial – can be yours for 25s. down. Balance over 18 months. Write: Universal Supplies Co., 16 College Crescent, NW3. Typewriter repairs: free estimate, collection and delivery.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

TV urgently needs scripts and you can be taught to write them. Apply Dept 162, TV Writing School, 14 Sackville St, W1.

PERSONAL—continued

BEST wishes for Christmas and 1960. Anthony Panting.

STORIES and articles required for American journals. Donald N. Craig, Holycross, Thurles, Ireland.

WRITE to sell – once you Know How! No Sales – No Fees tuition shows you how to write for profit. Free subscription to The Writer tells you regularly what editors buy. Also two Free writing encyclopaedias for your benefit. Send for Free NI 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success'. Henry Kowal, BA School of Successful Writing Ltd, 124 New Bond Street, London, W1.

THE Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, Nuffield Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES. 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pl., SW1 (SLO. 9595), for conversation & tuition.

FAMILY Planning Booklet free under plain, sealed cover. Premier Laboratories (Box 46), 333 Gray's Inn Rd, WC1.

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50 to 1,500 books from MS at low cost by print-like IBM typing; all binding styles. Broadacre Books, Morley St, Bradford 7.

4½% Interest (tax paid). Invest in a Society with a proud Policy through The New Homes Building Society, 342 Richmond Rd, E. Twickenham. Chr. Anthony Marlowe, MP.

PHILIP Humphreys, psychologist, formerly Prince's Gate, now Richmond. RIC. 4416.

CONTINENT. Attract. posts for girls avail. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, London.

PERSONAL—continued

MERCIFUL release for incurable sufferers is the aim of the Euthanasia Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8.

HUMANISM – a modern outlook. There may be a group near you. Write Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8.

INCREASE your spending power! A guinea's subscription saves itself many times over because of the substantial discount you can obtain at London restaurants and shops. Join the Blue Card Club, 97 Charing Cross Rd, WC2. Money back if not satisfied.

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GUITAR Lessons. Classical. Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Road, SW10. FLA. 4354.

CHOOSE your hobby this winter from Music, Art, English or Writing. Please state subject in which interested. Brochure Free. Southern Correspondence College, Albion Road, Selsey, Sussex.

I WRITE speeches, sales letters, books, technical articles, etc. Box 314.

LYRICS & sketches reqd. Scripts and s.a.e. to Irving Theatre, Leicester Sq. WC2.

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XMAS Cards, Prints, Pictures, Picture-Framing, Pottery, Hogarth Gallery, 16a Hogarth Place, SW5. FRE. 3328. Two mins. from Earls Court Stn, open all day Sat.

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COVENT GARDEN, WC2
Box Office: Tel. COVent Garden 1066

THE ROYAL BALLET
28, 30, 31 Dec. at 7.30 and 2 Jan. at 2.15
Cinderella

COVENT GARDEN OPERA
29 Dec. & 2 Jan. at 7,
1 Jan. at 7.30, Aida
Cavalleria Rusticana & I Pagliacci

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
TER. 1672
OPERA SEASON
29 Dec. & 1 Jan. at 7.30 The Merry Widow
30 Dec. & 2 Jan. at 7.30 Tannhäuser
31 Dec. at 7.30 The Marriage of Figaro
2 Jan. at 2.30 Hansel and Gretel

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Daily 2.30 & 6.30 except Suns. 'Beauty and the Beast'. Mems.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls. Now in its 4-yr. Cont. revue fr. 2.30, Sun. 4. Call/send 27s. 6d. for mems' ticket.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. 7.30. Th. 2.30. Sat. 5 & 8.15. N. F. Simpson's 'One Way Pendulum'.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. Evngs. 8. 'Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'Be'. Mats. 2.30 'Princess and the Swineherd'.

TOWER. 7.30. Joan Littlewood's version of 'A Christmas Carol'. 8, 9, 13-16, 21-23 Jan., incl. Mats 16 & 23 Jan. Book now: CAN. 3475 (9-6) & CAN. 5111 (6-8.30), Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Opens Fri. 1 Jan. 7.45. 'Bloomsday' by Alan McClelland. Mems.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL
Sunday Film
27 DEC., 3 & 10 JAN., at 4.30 & 7.30
EUGENE ONEGIN (U)
the colour film of the opera by Tchaikovsky
Bolshoi Theatre Production
ENGLISH SUB-TITLES
Tickets: 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d.
All seats bookable

LONDON NEW LEFT CLUB
CHRISTMAS PARTY
Dancing, entertainments, refreshments, licensed bar. Mon., 28 December, 8 p.m.
THE MARQUEE (next to Academy Cinema), Oxford St. Members 2s. 6d., non-members 3s. 6d.

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns). The Comedie Francaise in Moliere's Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Christmas Holiday Programmes: Until 27 Dec.: 'The Importance of Being Earnest' (U). From 28 Dec.: 'Passport to Pimlico' (U), 'Danses de Chine' (U).

ICA New Year's Eve Dance. No Chelsea Arts Ball on New Year's Eve! Come to the ICA Caribbean Night instead at the Marquee, Academy Cinema, Oxford St, 9-2 a.m. Bar and refreshments. Russ Henderson's Steel Band. Cabaret including Jan King, Alistair Bain, Ronnie Allen's Jazz Band. Members 15s., non-members 1 gn. (inclusive 1 night's membership). Advance booking: ICA Gallery, 17 Dover St, W1 GRO. 6186.

DANCE the Old Year out, cheer the New Year in, at the Inter-Varsity Club's Mediaeval Balle on Thurs., 31 Dec., at Queen Alexandra's House, Kensington Gore. Dancing 9 p.m.-2 a.m. Licensed buffet, prizes. Dress: mediaeval (or formal). Tickets: 32 groats (10s. 8d.) single for knights or dames, from 49 Hugh St, SW1, or at the door.

EXHIBITIONS

THE Polite Tournament: Modern Japanese Woodcuts 1-31 Dec., St George's Gallery, 7 Cork St, W1. REG. 3660; 10-6, Sats 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Constellations by Miro: Papiers collés by Matisse: Lithographies by Dufy and '1000 gravures en couleurs'. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Until 8 Jan 1960.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Recent paintings by Léon Zack. 10-6, Sat. 10-1. 2 Cork St, London, W1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum. The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine, and other exhibitions Mon.-Fri., 10-5. Admission free.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George St, W1. Water-colours and Drawings: Braque, Butler, Dubuffet, Fautrier, Miro, Picasso, Poliakoff, Scott, De Stael, Wols, etc. Until 9 January, 1960. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

KAPLAN Gallery. Paintings by Maurice Collis, 6 Duke St, St James's.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography. 12-9, 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

'ECONOMIC Consequences of Disarmament': Half-day Discussion Conference. Of special interest to Trade Unionists. Speakers: Prof. H. D. Dickinson, Mr. J. Fyrth, Caxton Hall, SW1. 2 January, 2 p.m.-5 p.m. Admission 1s. British Peace Committee, 81 City Road, EC1.

FOR Student Campaigners: Combined Universities CND National Conference 2/3 Jan., Student Movement House, Gower St. (Prof. Rotblat, Prof. Bernal). Dets: 77D Southwark Bridge Rd, SE1. HOP. 0556.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. C. R. Ronan, 'The Backside of the Moon', 30 Dec., 7.30, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Sec., 42a Westbere Rd, NW2.

DIRECT Action Committee Against Nuclear War, 344 Seven Sisters Rd, N4. New Year Radical Demonstration, Harrington, 2 Jan. This demonstration will go on as planned, although the committee is at present in prison.

ADLERIAN Society. A programme of films on various psychological problems, 'Shyness' and 'Over-dependency', followed by discussion and refreshments, Fri., 1 Jan., 7.30 punctually. Library, Mary Ward Settlement, 5-7 Tavistock Place, WC1. Non-members 2s. 6d., Students 1s.

'HUMANISM and Religion in the Schools': M. L. Burnet, Conference of Educational Associations, Friday, 1 January, 2.30, 2 Bloomsbury Square, WC1.

'THE Power of a Resolve.' Pub. Lect. 27 Dec., 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gdns, W2 PAD. 0688.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun. 27 Dec., 6.30 Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'Saviours': H. J. Blackham.

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